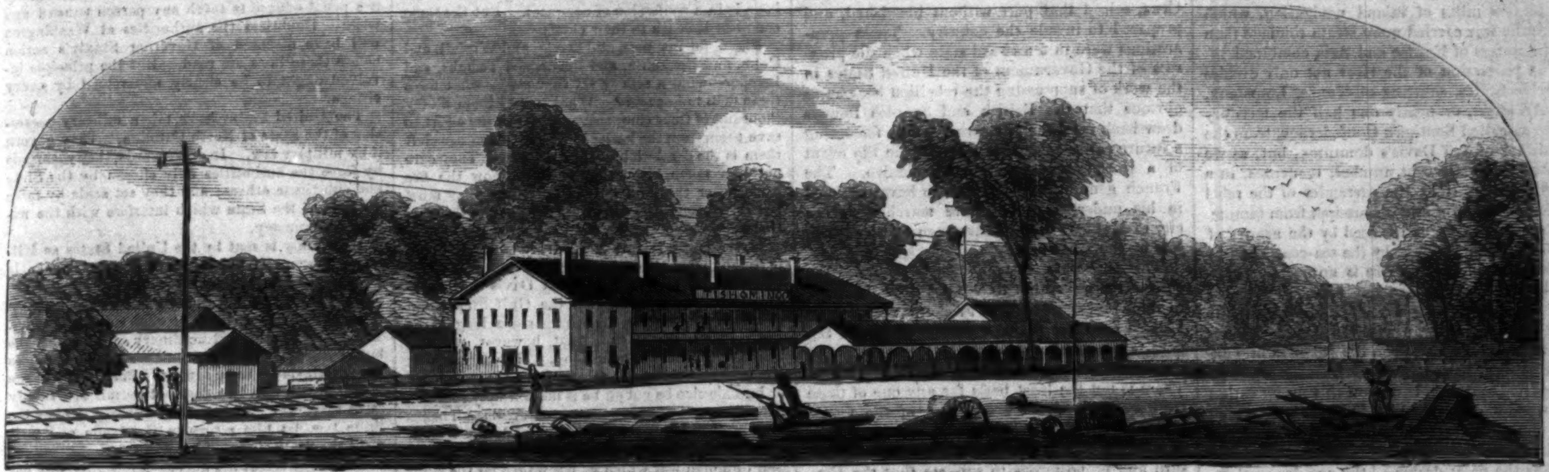
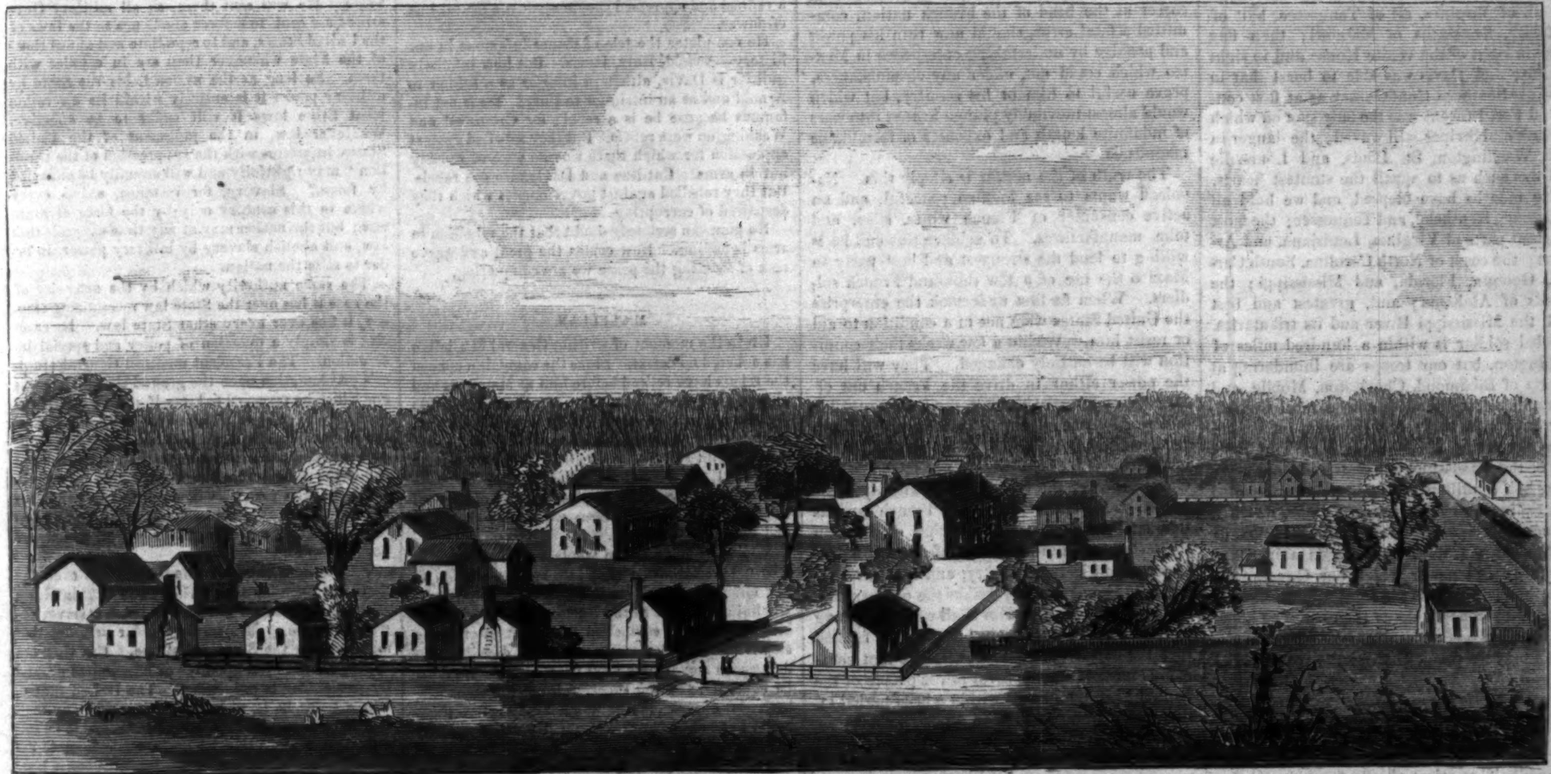
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. VI.—No. 286.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

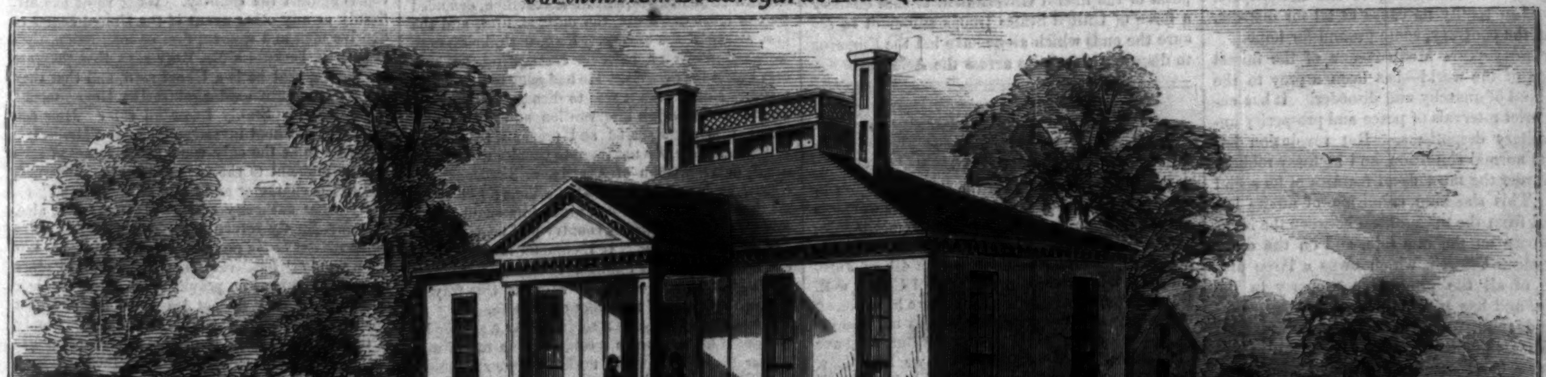
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



Rail-Road Junction near Corinth.



Corinth from Beauregard's Head-Quarters.



Beauregard's Head-Quarters.

CORINTH, MISSISSIPPI, NOW IN POSSESSION OF OUR TROOPS.—From Sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 395.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 21, 1862.

REOPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The great work of suppressing the rebellion is in effect achieved. We have "repossessed" the great artery of the country—the Mississippi River; with the possible exception of some settlements in the neighborhood of Vicksburg, from which we have no late intelligence, but which can not hold out against attacks from both sides, every town and village on the river is in our hands. Our gun-boats are doing sentinel duty from the Southwest Pass to St. Louis.

It is impossible to exaggerate, and scarcely possible to realize the importance of this achievement. The possession of the Mississippi River, with its tributaries, secures to the United States flag 30,000 miles of inland navigation, which before the war carried more steam tonnage than all the waters of Europe and Asia combined.

The possession of the river not only divides the rebel States, shutting off Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas, or nearly one half the territory of the so-called Southern Confederacy, from the remainder of Jeff Davis's dominion, but, as we pointed out in a recent number, it insures, in a given period of time, the surrender of the rebel armies in Virginia and Mississippi from famine. In the rebel realm as inclosed by the armies of M'Clellan and Halleck, by the sea-coast, and by the Mississippi River, there is no beef. Without beef the rebels can not fight. Pork and corn may answer for a while; but unless the rebel commissaries can within a few months renew their requisitions upon the pastures of Texas, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee, their armies will scatter. It was on this account that Davis and his colleagues undertook "that which they could not perform;" namely, to force the Border States into their secession scheme.

Thus the great drama of the age draws slowly to a close. Twelve months ago the rebels held all of Virginia, all of Tennessee, half of Kentucky, five-sixths of Missouri; their flag floated in sight of the White House and in sight of Cairo; Jeff Davis was able to boast that in the whole Southern Confederacy as at first constituted Fort Pickens was the only spot on which the Stars and Stripes still waved; the danger in which Washington, St. Louis, and Louisville stood was such as to appall the stoutest hearts. Twelve months have elapsed, and we hold all of Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee; the most important parts of Virginia, Louisiana, and Arkansas; the coast of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Mississippi; the uplands of Alabama; and, greatest and best of all, the Mississippi River and its tributaries. No rebel soldier is within a hundred miles of Washington, but our troops are thundering at the gate of Richmond, Charleston, Mobile, and Savannah. The finances of the rebel Confederacy have collapsed: the premium on United States securities advances daily. The rebel army of the Mississippi has scattered: our army is over half a million in number, and unequaled in discipline and efficiency. Europe, which a year ago was exultant over the destruction of the American Union, now stands amazed at the vitality and power which our Government has developed, and, so far from aiding the rebels, has long since set down their cause as hopeless.

Well may we thank God for the year's work!

THE MEXICAN QUESTION.

Mexican affairs are distressing many people just now. This arises chiefly from the wholesale lying and blundering of the newspapers. There is in reality no cause at all for distress, but, on the contrary, some ground for hope.

For forty years Mexico—one of the fairest portions of the world—has been a prey to the worst kind of anarchy and disorder. It has enjoyed brief intervals of peace and prosperity under military despotisms. But revolution has been its normal condition, and highway robbery and murder the most usual features of its social state. This shocking condition of affairs has resulted from the antagonism between the Mexican people on the one side, and on the other the Mexican Church, which owns a large proportion of all the productive property in the country, and has persistently sought to establish and maintain a theocratic government. Sometimes the people have succeeded in organizing a Government, which has been overthrown by the intrigues of the clergy; and sometimes the Church party have obtained power, and have in their turn been overthrown by popular outbreaks. Each party has been strong enough to prevent the other from securing undisputed sway. But neither has yet been able to crush its opponent finally and forever.

Five years ago the maritime powers of Europe, "the guardians of civilization," as the British complacently style them, proposed to the United States to intervene in Mexico, in the interest of peace and commerce. Mr. Buchanan acquiesced in the proposal, and recommended to Congress an armed occupation of certain States of Mexico. The recommendation remained without effect. Congress was unwilling to intrust a signer of the Ostend manifesto, and a confidant of John Slidell, with power to encroach upon the territory of a friendly neighbor, under any pretense whatever.

Last year, this country being plunged into a conflict which rendered us powerless against Europe, three leading nations—Great Britain, France, and Spain—agreed to intervene in Mexico without us, and by a joint occupation to restore peace to that distracted country. Each had private and peculiar scores to settle with the Mexicans. But the sole object of the joint expedition was formally and solemnly declared to be the pacification of the country. Each of the contracting powers absolutely renounced all idea of conquest, aggrandizement, or acquisition of territory.

The convention was so far carried into effect that a joint expedition—French, Spanish, and English—military and naval—sailed to Vera Cruz, seized that port without bloodshed, and prepared to invade the country. Those preparations were in a forward state when the progress of the Government of the United States in the work of suppressing the rebellion became so obvious that the British and Spanish Powers drew back from the enterprise, wisely foreseeing a future collision with this country in the event of a European occupation of Mexico. The French general is understood to have persisted in his undertaking; to have marched on the city of Mexico; and to have been repulsed with loss by the Mexicans.

This is the present condition of affairs. We entreat the public not to be misled by the trash in the newspapers about a French occupation of Mexico for three years, a French colony in Sonora, and the establishment by French arms of an Austrian Archduke on a Mexican throne. There is not the least basis for any one of these stories. They are the offspring of the fertile brain of newspaper correspondents who, in a dearth of facts, deal in fiction. It is utterly absurd and preposterous to suppose that the Emperor Napoleon, who has never yet, in his long career at the head of the French nation, committed a fatal error, should now ruin his power and prestige by undertaking enterprises in Mexico which could not, under any circumstances, prove useful to him or his country, but which would almost inevitably plunge France into wars of indefinite length and expenses of formidable magnitude.

The truth of the matter is simply this. Napoleon wants to see Mexico peaceful, and an active consumer of French wines, silks, and other manufactures. To achieve this end he is willing to lend the strongest and best party in Mexico the use of a few thousand French soldiers. When he first undertook the enterprise the United States were not in a condition to aid or resist him. Within a few weeks their condition will be entirely changed. They will have the power either to drive the French out of Mexico, or to assist them in their most sensible and worthy undertaking. We hazard little in predicting that they will adopt the latter alternative. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, the Government of the Emperor has already made known to Mr. Lincoln that the French expedition against Mexico has no other object than the restoration and protection of a stable native Government in that country, and that the Emperor seeks and ardently desires the co-operation of the United States. Nor shall we be far wrong if we add that Mr. Lincoln has probably replied that the object of the French is one that commends itself to the approval of the people of the United States, and that within a brief period of time this country may be in a position not only to co-operate with the French, but to relieve them altogether of the expense and trouble of intervening in Mexico, by placing at the disposal of the liberal Government of that country a force of United States troops sufficient to secure the ends which alone have led the Emperor to dispatch his armies across the Atlantic.

THE LOUNGER.

FORECASTING.

It seems at present as if the serious fighting in the war of the country against the rebels would be over by mid-summer. But it is by no means sure. Just a year ago it was stated that General Scott meant to dine in Richmond on the 4th of July. This year it is believed that General M'Clellan will. But the twelve months of real warfare have shown us that the rebels are neither cowardly nor unskillful. They have sometimes run. But we have also proved, upon occasion, that we have legs. Let us candidly confess that the rebels fought well at Donelson, at Pea Ridge, at Shiloh, at Williamsburg, and at Fairoaks.

And it is well that they did so. It is best for all sides and for a lasting peace that they were plucky, that they did all they could, and that they were utterly defeated at last. For then there will be no subterfuge or illusion. They will not think that the country conquered them by tricks and chances and surprises. They will know that they have been fairly and soundly thrashed by an immensely superior and resolute and intelligent force. We shall know that we are the strongest, and they will understand that they must submit.

How will they submit? Will Jeff Davis surrender by proclamation? Will he come to Washington and ask to be hung? Will the "Confederate Government" formally disband? Clearly not. The war will be really over long before we are aware of it. The rebellion will disappear as Johnson melted from Manassas and Beauregard from Corinth, while our embattled lines are still bristling and ready. The huge web of rebel war, spread to catch the eagle, as a spider spins for a fly, will ravel out into sullen guerrilla fighting. Desperate bands will take to the hills. They will harass and annoy. The lower civilization of the rebel section will show itself in the character of the ending as in the beginning and continuation of the war.

The leaders, of course, are desperate. One of the rebel officers captured before Richmond said that we could take that city only over the bodies of fifty thousand dead men. Doubtless he said what he felt. Doubtless the leaders all feel so. But the soldiers do not. With every lost battle which they bravely contest their cause becomes more hopeless. The moment hastens when they will see that even desperate courage does not avail against a calm and conscious and persistent superiority. They will have no more to fight for. Their hope is in a confession of conquest. But the same conquest is death to their chiefs.

Floyd, for instance, and Davis, and Wigfall, and Cobb, and Benjamin, and Pryor, and Toombs, and Letcher—what a scurvy set they are!—what have these men to hope for? What is it to them if fifty thousand of their companions *do* die in the effort to save them from the halter? The only resource left them is the desolation of their country. They care not how much blood they shed, or how the fire ravages, or the land is ruined. Since they must fall they would drag down all they can to destruction.

If, therefore, Beauregard's army is dispersing—if Richmond shall be evacuated or captured—it is still possible and probable that Davis will withdraw to some point within the Gulf States and maintain himself for the summer—so long as he can keep an exit clear. That, however, must be the condition of his remaining. He will not risk his neck. Should all escape from the sea-board or into Mexico be cut off he is not unlikely to make his way across the Free States to Canada. Thence imagination follows him to England, the melancholy pet of a nation that finds in the wicked, wanton, inhuman war which he has waged for the right of enslaving other men only the heroic struggle of a refined and oppressed people against a brutal lust of power.

He completes the trio of names infamous in our history—Arnold, Burr, Davis. But how infinitely guiltier is Davis, although inferior as a soldier to Arnold and as an intriguer to Burr! He is not infamous because he is a rebel; for Cromwell and Washington were rebels. But they rebelled against oppression for which there was no hope of remedy but in arms. Catiline and Davis also are rebels. But they rebelled against governments which they despaired of corrupting.

No man can seriously doubt that the rebellion in arms is ending. Now comes the great and grave task of securing the peace we are conquering.

M'CLELLAN.

Up to the moment of writing General M'Clellan has suffered no defeat. Since the campaign opened the rebels have retired before him at Manassas and at Yorktown; while his army has been engaged in four severe battles—at Williamsburg, West Point, Hanover Court House, and Fairoaks—besides several brilliant skirmishes, in all of which it has been successful. The conduct of the army thus far, with the sole exception of the hapless division of General Casey at Fairoaks, has been worthy its character and the cause it defends.

When the story of the whole war can be told it will not be forgotten that any serious mishap to M'Clellan would have been an immediate and overwhelming disaster to the National cause, and that he was therefore compelled to be certain of every step. Heroic risks, brilliant dashes, dazzling but dangerous movements were not for him. He must be content to be the successful, not the romantic, hero of the war. For he was not only before Richmond but before Washington. He was not merely attacking the rebel capital, he was defending his own. He was moving a hundred thousand men across an enemy's country already stripped, against the intrenched head-quarters of rebellion, defended by the most desperate, the most skillful, and the best armed of the enemy. Risk, dash, brilliancy, were not necessary, however captivating, but success was indispensable. He had gone to take Richmond. Not to take it was to dishearten the country, to invite foreign intervention, and to endanger all that is most sacred and precious to a loyal American. He was not there to wonder what Hannibal, or Don John of Austria, or Frederick the Great, or Napoleon would have done; but to do all that the talent God had given him enabled him to do with the means his country had provided.

Finis coronat opus. If Richmond is taken, it is useless to say that it might have been better taken in another way, because the value of this way is proved, and that of the other can not be.

General M'Clellan is a soldier. As a soldier he has made his name; as a soldier he is to write it in our history. And in nothing more strikingly does he show his soldierly genius than in adapting his movements to the circumstances of the campaign. A year ago, upon guerrilla duty, as it were, in Western Virginia, his daily bulletins sparkled like shocks from an electrical battery. Nobody complained that he was too slow, or loved to-morrow better than to-day. In Eastern Virginia for the last two months he has been upon other than guerrilla duty. He is not carrying a mountain ambush, but a fortified capital. Thus far every step has been a sure advance; and when his head-quarters are in Richmond, we may believe indeed that other generals *would* have won the same victory, but M'Clellan *will* have won it.

Earnest, devoted, successful—silent as Frémont under a storm of sharp criticism and complaint—M'Clellan is one of the manliest figures of the war. "Oh, that rain which I described," writes a correspondent of the *Tribune* (which has not praised the General); "had it not been for that, M'Clellan would to-night have been in Richmond. His plans were matured, and our march in overwhelming force and vigor could not have been stopped. But it is only a question of time with the commander. I felt to-day for the first a full sense of the vast labor he undergoes, and of the exceeding heavy burden of the responsibility which weighs down his heart and his brain, when I saw him dismount from his horse at a brook, and, baring his head, ask an orderly to bathe it with water scooped up in his hands. Overburdened, harassed, hampered soldier, may the God of Battles give you success and give you rest!"

IMPORTANT FOR THE FUTURE.

The conduct of Mr. Stanly, the new military Governor of North Carolina, has naturally excited great attention. It has raised the profoundly important inquiry whether the United States makes it a penal offense to teach any person to read and write. Doubtless the authorities at Washington will have disposed of Governor Stanly's action before these lines are read. But the principle involved ought to be clearly understood by every citizen.

The United States have taken military possession of the State of North Carolina. They govern it by military law. In other words, they supersede by force the authorities duly chosen by the State and substitute others; and they set aside by force all laws of the State which interfere with the national supremacy.

Mr. Stanly is sent by the United States as Military Governor, and he begins by closing the schools for poor blacks, and by allowing people who are willing to go through the farce of an oath to kidnap any body whom they choose to call their slaves. The excuse for this extraordinary action is that the law of North Carolina recognizes slavery, and does not permit slaves to be taught. Possibly; but the law of North Carolina does not permit Mr. Stanly to be Governor. If he is only anxious to obey the State law, let him return to California and wait until the State chooses him.

He misconceives his duty. Mr. Stanly was not sent to North Carolina to execute the laws of the State. He was sent there, as all military Governors are sent, to enforce obedience to the laws of the United States, and to repudiate and annul those of the State whenever they are in conflict with them. So long as the nation holds the State by military power it is entirely within its discretion what State laws it will suffer to be effective. Whatever law, in the judgment of the United States, interferes with the suppression of the rebellion "may rightfully and will actually be annulled by force." Slavery, for instance, exists every where in this country only by the force of State law; but the nation may at any time overrule that law, and abolish slavery by military power, in order to save the nation.

The same authority which by the necessity of the case it has over the State law recognizing slavery, it has over every other State law. Its exercise is simply a question of policy and special instruction. The President modified General Hunter's proclamation upon the ground that his act was one which he reserved to himself, not for the reason that slavery was established by the local law of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. The scope of his modification was merely that he did not think the time had come to interfere. In Governor Stanly's case he will doubtless say that the time has come. But in both instances it is a question of policy, not of right or power, which are both beyond question.

But, besides this, Mr. Stanly has not even the State law upon his side. The law of 1830 in North Carolina forbids all persons to teach "slaves" to read or write. Mr. Stanly's order assumes that all blacks in the State are slaves. But they are not so, so that even upon his own technical ground his proceeding is unjustified. The United States, whose agent he is, does not assume that any man is a slave or a criminal until he is proved to be so.

Moreover the difficulties of such a terrible assumption are enhanced by the law of August last, which frees all slaves that have been used by the rebels against the country. What right has Mr. Stanly or any other agent of the United States to deprive men and women, first of instruction, then of liberty, because a Mr. Bray says that they are his slaves, that he is a Union man, and that they have never been used against the Government? How does Mr. Stanly know all this? How can he know it without investigation? Is a Mr. Bray's assertion to be the only warrant for an act of such infinite moment to the welfare of those concerned, and to the character and peace of the nation?

By what authority of United States law, also, does Mr. Stanly return any North Carolina slave to his master *in the State*? The United States law knows only "fugitives from service" into other States. It makes no provision whatever for their return when they do not leave the State. That business it leaves to the local law, and Mr. Stanly is not the administrator of that law without express instructions, which he has not received.

There is no reason whatever, legally, politically, or morally, for his conduct, except a desire to propitiate the citizens of North Carolina by showing them that the Government will not touch their local laws. But how are they to be conciliated by any action whatsoever of a man whose authoritative presence among them is itself the annihilation of their local law?

THE MASK OF "CONSERVATISM."

Whenever any especially inhuman and repulsive measure is proposed in Congress or elsewhere it receives the support of people who call themselves, and are called by their friends, "the conservative party." Whenever a base and disgraceful interpretation is given to any clause of the National Constitution it is called by the same persons "the conservative view." Whenever any rigorous and radical means of suppressing this cruel rebellion are suggested, they are malignantly resisted by the same "conservative" party and papers. The persistent political allies of the rebels, like Vallandigham, Powell, Bayard, and Saulsbury, are leaders of this "conservative" movement. While the newspapers which openly supported the rebellion until the Government took it in hand, or which from their continued support of it received a very significant warning, are the organs of the same faction.

The same "Conservatives" during the last Presidential canvass solemnly warned the country that they could not allow any body but their own candidates to be elected; and they brought eminent "Conservatives" from the Southern States to confirm what they said. The same "conservative" gentry at the South when the new administration was constitutionally chosen, took up arms and have maintained a desperate and bloody war for more than a year. The same "conservative" citizens at the North are now most anxious to make compromises with their friends who are red to the neck in the blood of the brave and hardy youth of the loyal part of the land. Peace at any price, whether of civil order, of national existence, of human rights, of individual honor, or of common decency, is the heart's prayer of this "conservatism." If a man shows himself false to our common humanity, or indifferent to our national unity, they hail him as a "Conservative." If any law aims to destroy or abridge the equal rights which the Government was founded to protect, they rally to it as a "conservative" measure. If a man is faithless to the Democratic principle he is "sound." If he sneers at justice, and manliness, and honor, he is "prudent."

These gamblers are still busy, but their game is played out. It is transparent. "Conservatism" has been used as a convenient and alluring name with which to conceal the effort to sustain the predominance of a single class in this country over all other men and classes. James M. Mason, famous for fathering the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850, and for nothing else but a futile endeavor to implicate his political enemies with John Brown; John Slidell, famous for the Plaquemine election frauds, and for nothing else but the most unscrupulous political intrigue; John B. Floyd, famous for stealing and running away, and for nothing else; Wigfall, famous for whisky-drinking; Pryor, famous for not fighting with Potter; Cobb, famous for emptying the Treasury and imperiling the credit of the country; Toombs, famous for idiotic bellowing in the United States Senate; Jefferson Davis—these, and an endless string more, are the representative "Conservatives" of the present epoch in our history, and their "conservatism" consisted and consists in the effort to destroy all the safeguards which our Constitution throws around the rights of all men; and, baffled in that, in the fierce and furious armed attempt to overthrow that Constitution and ruin the country.

This game of "Conservatism" is up. Meanwhile the great and true Conservative party of the country—the party of all faithful citizens who, to whatever political band they may have hitherto belonged, are daily learning that national peace can be preserved only by maintaining, by conserving the cardinal and distinctive principles of our Government—is engaged in the triumphant suppression of the rebellion instigated by these pseudo "Conservatives" and their abettors at the North in Congress and the press; and having preserved the country from the military blows which rebel treason strikes at its heart, it will equally save it from the political plots of rebel "Conservatism."

TRUTH *VERSUS* TWADDLE.

There is a lively piece of twaddle afloat. It is the ineffably and silly assertion that this is a nation of white men, or a white man's government. Of course it is only one of the mean appeals to the hate that people always feel for those they have injured. Its intention is to quench any sympathy for black men. It is the kind of argument that does duty in bar rooms, and is very effective in the mouths of politicians whose success depends upon the ignorance and not upon the intelligence of the people.

The assertion is false in whatever way you look at it. It is false theoretically and practically. It is false historically and in current experience. This Government is founded upon the doctrine of equal human rights. The Declaration of Independence holds it to be self-evident that "all men are created equal"—not equal, of course, in capacity, or circumstance, or condition, any more than in the height, or weight, or the color of their hair and eyes—but equal in the right to a guarantee from society of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The men who made the Declaration said this. Did they mean it, or did they solemnly assert what they thought to be false? Did they mean that "all" men, or "some men" are created equal? In other words, did they mean to say that all men are *not* created equal? No; they meant what they said; and they said "men." Not white men, nor black men, nor yellow, red, brown, or motley men; not Americans, nor Englishmen, nor Frenchmen, nor Germans, nor Irishmen, nor Italians, nor Hindoos, nor Chinese, nor Malays, nor Africans, nor East or West Indians. Not short men, nor tall men, nor fat, lean, or dumpy men; not smart men, nor stupid, mean, foolish, good, bad, or indifferent men. The fathers said what they meant, and meant what they said. They meant *all men*, and calling God and the world to witness, they said all men. Their doctrine may have been false, but they believed it to be true—and acting upon it they published the Declaration, and upon the principles of the Declaration the Constitution was founded.

Our National Government, therefore, is a Government of all men who, living in the country, obey the laws and behave themselves. The yellow Chinese, and the olive Spaniard or West Indian, or the red Turk or Hindoo, or the white Englishman or Irishman, or the African or Creole of any race, may be a citizen of the United States, subject to the conditions of the State law. As a matter of fact the paler complexions predominate among the citizens; but the ballot of the voter of tawny Spanish descent in New Orleans, or of dusky African descent in Boston, counts just as much in this Government as the vote of the Honorable Mr. Cox, for instance, of Ohio.

The glory of this Government is not in the color of the skins of the citizens, but in the justice with which its laws are made and the fidelity with which they are executed. If the laws be unjust, the Government is mean and inglorious and the nation disgraced, although the face of every citizen were as white as snow.

A HINT TO THE IMPATIENT.

The following extract from a letter of an officer at Fort Macon hits off admirably the impatience of the slowness of military operations which is so constantly felt and expressed by those who have had no experience of such movements:

"You people that stay at home are in such a confounded hurry that you think that all is lost if a General has to besiege a place twenty-four hours. The newspapers say "Great Success! Fort Macon taken after ten hours' bombardment"—so you all think that General Parke breakfasted early one morning; took a hand-car; came down from Newbern; crossed over; put eight mortars and four siege-guns behind a sand-hill; fired away; took the fort; paroled the prisoners; hoisted the flag; and returned to Newbern to dinner, getting there five minutes after the dinner-bell rang, and was reprimanded for being late. Whereas we besieged the place for a good month; worked like dogs and made half our regiment sick; were on picket duty every third day, besides furnishing camp guard, fatigue parties to work in trenches, and patrols. Whenever you hear again that a thing is done in ten hours, understand that doing the thing is easy work, but getting ready to do it is confounded hard work. And now, instead of supposing that we are ready to go somewhere else because we have taken Fort Macon, know that is the very reason why we are not able to move. We need rest, and the fort needs to be put in proper condition again."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Commencing Early.—A brutal teacher whipped a little boy for pressing the hands of a little girl who sat next to him at school, after which he asked the child "why he squeezed the girl's hand?" "Because," said the little fellow, "it looked so pretty I couldn't help it." How very natural!

The bard of Twickenham, though very short and deformed, was nevertheless very partial to his person. One day he asked Dean Swift what people in Ireland thought of him.

"They think," says the Dean, "that you are a great poet and a very little man."

Pope exclaimed, passionately, "And, Mr. Dean, the people in England think quite the reverse of you!"

A correspondent with a mathematical turn sends us the following:

"I heard some one say the other day that *Harper's Weekly* has a regular circulation of 130,000 copies. At this rate it would soon cover the whole land. I amused myself by making a few calculations as to the progress you are making in this attempt.

"The *Weekly* measures 46 by 33 inches, and contains 1518 square inches. There are 6,272,640 square inches in an acre; so that 130,000 papers will carpet a farm of 31 acres and a little more: the 52 numbers in the year will therefore cover (disregarding fractions) 1612 acres.

"Again, the length of the paper being 46 inches, the 130,000, laid lengthwise, would reach 94 miles, with 2004 feet to spare; the 52 yearly numbers will then extend to within a few rods of 4910 miles. The circumference of the globe being, in round numbers, 25,000 miles, it would require a little more than five years to 'put a girdle [of *Harper's Weekly*] round the globe.'

"Again, I find that 30 numbers of the *Weekly*, when folded and pressed, measure an inch in thickness. So that the whole edition for a single week would make a pile 362 feet high—say one-third higher than the steeple of Trinity Church."

The Sex.—A parson, reading the funeral service at the grave, forgot the sex of the deceased, and asked one of the mourners, an Emeralder, "Is this a brother or a sister?" "Neither," replied Pat, "only a cousin."

Not so Dusty.—"Dost thou clean my furniture, fair handmaiden?" asked X., of the pretty servant who was polishing his escritoire. "I Dust," replied the handmaiden.

A mechanic having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap, "thank you, but I never eat any thing during the night."

A surgeon aboard a ship of war used to prescribe salt-water for his patients in all disorders. Having sailed one evening on a party of pleasure, he happened, by some mischance, to be drowned. The captain, who had heard of the disaster, asked of the tars next day if he had heard any thing of the doctor. "Yes," answered Jack, after a turn of his quid, "he was drowned last night in his *medicine chest*."

In chemistry the best way to separate two bodies is to introduce a third. The same holds true in other departments. To increase the distance between a pair of lovers all that's required is to let Willie walk into the "back parlor" with a lighted candle in his hand.

A gentle heart is like ripe fruit, which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.

When the telegraph poles were first stationed through the valley, a green 'un drove into a village and tied his horse to what he supposed was a spruce pole. He was accosted by a precocious urchin with, "Mister! mister! what have you done?" "Done," said the fellow; "what do you mean? I hain't done nothin' as I knows on." "Why, yeth you have, thir; you have just hitched your horse to the Magnetic Telegraph, and you'll be in New York in less than two minutes if you don't look out." The man untied his horse with nervous anxiety, and jumping into his sleigh, drove hastily down the street.

An Englishman and Yankee being in a promiscuous company, the latter was so much struck with some bold air sung by the former, that he asked the name of it. "Oh nothing but the tune the old cow died on," was the response. The Yankee struck up Yankee Doodle. "What is that?" asked his companion. "This is the tune old bull died on!" was the prompt reply.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, June 3, in the Senate, communications relative to soldiers imprisoned in the District penitentiary, and transmitting the instructions given to the provisional Governors of Tennessee and North Carolina, were received. A joint resolution was adopted allowing hereafter a premium of two dollars for every accepted recruit to the regular army, and allowing soldiers enlisted as volunteers or in the regular army to receive their first month's pay in advance. The Tax bill was then taken up, and occupied the Senate till the adjournment.——In the House, the motion to reconsider the vote whereby the bill to free from servitude the slaves of rebels was rejected was taken up, and, after debate, the subject was recommitted to the Select Committee, with instructions to report a substitute in effect liberating the slaves of the leading conspirators against the Government. A bill declaring all persons holding office under the Confederate government forever ineligible to office under the Government of the United States was passed. The House then adjourned.

On Wednesday, June 4, in the Senate, the House bill punishing polygamy in the Territories, with an amendment of the Senate annulling acts of the Legislature of Utah with regard to the practice, was passed by a vote of 37 to 2. The consideration of the Tax bill was then resumed, and continued till the adjournment.——In the House, a petition asking that Western Virginia be admitted into the Union as a new and independent State, was referred to the Territorial Committee. The Senate bill recognizing the independence of Hayti and Liberia and providing for diplomatic relations with those republics was then passed by a vote of 86 against 37. Mr. Blair introduced a bill providing for the removal of the Mint at New Orleans to St. Louis. A joint resolution that Congress finally adjourn on the 16th inst. was adopted, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, June 5, in the Senate, the bill providing a government for the Territory of Arizona was discussed. A motion to take up the resolution providing for the expulsion of Senator Stark, of Oregon, who is charged with disloyalty, was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas against 29 nays. The consideration of the Tax bill was then resumed. The plan of the Boston Board of Trade and the substitutes of the Finance Committee were both rejected. Senator Sumner proposed a tax of two dollars per head on slaves, the slaves in no case to be sold for said tax, which was adopted by a vote of 19 against 16. The Senate then adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Wickliffe asked leave to introduce a resolution inquiring whether General Hunter has organized a regiment of blacks and fugitive slaves in South Carolina, but objection was made, and the subject was therefore not entertained. The bill appointing a Board of Fortifications for sea-coast and other defenses was discussed in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Stevens moved to strike out the enacting clause, which was agreed to. The House subsequently confirmed the action of the committee, so the bill was lost. The House then adjourned.

On Friday, June 6, in the Senate, official reports of the operations of the naval forces on the Mississippi, the capture of New Orleans, etc., were received from the Secretary of the Navy. Senator Sumner offered a resolution in effect calling for the removal of Edward Stanly from the post of Military Governor of North Carolina. Objection was made, and the resolution lies over. Senator Sumner also offered a resolution declaring the office of Military Governor contrary to the Constitution and laws, destructive to the civil authority, and contrary to the spirit of our institutions. This was likewise objected to, and lies over. Senator Sumner moved to take up the resolution for the expulsion of Senator Stark, of Oregon, charged with disloyalty; but the Senate refused, and recommenced the consideration of the Tax bill. The vote of Thursday levying a tax of two dollars per head on slaves was, after considerable debate, reconsidered—twenty-two against eighteen. A proposition to tax slaves under ten and over sixty-five years of age was defeated—seventeen against twenty-three. The Tax bill was then passed, by a vote of thirty-seven against one, Senator Powell, of Kentucky, casting the negative vote.——The session of the House was devoted to the consideration of private bills and general debate, in which no matters of general interest transpired.

Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, June 9, the Senate resolved itself into a High Court of Impeachment for the trial of Judge Humphreys, of Tennessee, charged with treason and other high crimes. Proclamation was made, calling on West H. Humphreys to appear and answer to the charges, and no response being offered, the Court adjourned till the 26th inst. The Senate then resumed legislative business, and the House bills prohibiting slavery in the Territories, and prescribing an additional oath to grand and petit jurors, were passed, the first named by a vote of 28 to 10. The Pacific Railroad bill and amendments were ordered to be printed, and the subject was then postponed.——In the House, a memorial asking the admission of Utah into the Union was presented by the delegate from that Territory. The document, together with the constitution of Utah, were appropriately referred. The Tax bill and the Senate's amendments thereto were referred to the Ways and Means committee. A resolution calling for information as to whether General Hunter has organized a regiment of negroes in South Carolina, was adopted. Mr. Vallandigham offered a resolution tendering the thanks of the House to General Halleck and his army for the occupation of Corinth without loss of life, and declaring that the House would rejoice to see the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was, maintained and restored every where without any further effusion of fraternal blood. Mr. Vallandigham demanded the previous question on the resolution, but objection was made, and the subject was laid over. The resolution appropriating $35,000 for the purchase, from Gales & Seaton, of sets of Annals of Congress and Register of Debates, was repealed. Mr. Julian offered a resolution for repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, which was referred to the Judiciary Committee. A resolution was offered by Mr. Colfax, instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill modifying the Fugitive Slave law, by giving trial by jury to any person denying under oath he is a slave, etc. A resolution declaring that the President should instruct the commanding Generals in the rebel States to issue a proclamation that the army of the republic will be subsisted, as far as practicable, upon the property of those in rebellion and those who gave aid and comfort to the enemies of the U. S., was adopted by a vote of 83 against 39.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN TO HIS SOLDIERS.

The following address was read to the army on 3d at dress parade, and was received with an outburst of vociferous cheering from every regiment:

Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac,
Camp near New Bridge, Virginia, *June* 2, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac!—I have fulfilled at least a part of my promise to you. You are now face to face with the rebels, who are held at bay in front of the capital. The final and decisive battle is at hand. Unless you belie your past history the result can not be for a moment doubtful. the troops who labored so faithfully and fought so gallantly at Yorktown, and who so bravely won the hard fights at Williamsburg, West Point, Hanover Court House, and Fairoaks, now prove worthy of their antecedents, the victory is surely ours. The events of every day prove your superiority. Wherever you have met the enemy you have beaten him. Wherever you have used the bayonet he has given way in panic and disorder. I ask of you now one last crowning effort. The enemy has staked his all on the issue of the coming battle. Let us meet him and crush him here in the very centre of the rebellion.

Soldiers!—I will be with you in this battle, and share its dangers with you. Our confidence in each other is now founded upon the past. Let us strike the blow which is to restore peace and union to this distracted land. Upon your valor, discipline, and mutual confidence the result depends.

Geo. B. M'Clellan,
Major-General Commanding.

JEFF DAVIS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

We find the following in the Richmond *Inquirer* of June 4:

Executive Office, *June* 2, 1862.

TO THE ARMY OF RICHMOND.

I render to you my grateful acknowledgments for the gallantry and good conduct you displayed in the battles of the 31st of May and 1st inst., and with pride and pleasure recognize the steadiness and intrepidity with which you attacked the enemy in position, captured his advanced intrenchments, several batteries of artillery, and many standards, and every where drove them from the open field.

At a part of your operations it was my fortune to be present. On no other occasion have I witnessed more of calmness and good order than you exhibited while advancing into the very jaws of death, and nothing could exceed the prowess with which you closed upon the enemy when a sheet of fire was blazing in your faces!

In the renewed struggle in which you are on the eve of engaging, I ask and can desire but a continuance of the same conduct which now attracts the admiration and pride of the loved ones you have left at home.

You are fighting for all that is dearest to men; and though opposed to a foe who disregards many of the usages of civilized war, your humanity to the wounded and the prisoners was the fit and crowning glory to your valor.

Defenders of a just cause, may God have you in His holy keeping! Jefferson Davis.

The general will cause the above to be read to the troops under his command.

OUR LOSS AT FAIROAKS.

General M'Clellan has furnished to the War Department a statement of the killed, wounded, and missing at the battle of Fairoaks, which he estimates in the aggregate at 5739, which were divided among the different corps engaged as follows:

Corps.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
General Sumner (second)	183	894	146
Heintzelman (third)	259	980	155
Keyes (fourth)..............	448	1753	921
Total..............	890	3627	1222

THE PURSUIT OF BEAUREGARD.

The following dispatch was received on 4th at the War Department:

Halleck's Head-quarters, *June* 4, 1862.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

General Pope, with 40,000 men, is thirty miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard. He already reports 10,000 prisoners and deserters from the enemy, and 15,000 stand of arms captured.

Thousands of the enemy are throwing away their arms. A farmer says that when Beauregard learned that Colonel Elliott had cut the railroad on his line of retreat he became frantic, and told his men to save themselves the best way they could.

We have captured nine locomotives and a number of cars. One of the former is already repaired, and is running to-day. Several more will be in running order in two or three days.

The result is all I could possibly desire.

H. W. Halleck,
Major-General Commanding.

General Pope telegraphs on 9th from the advance, that the prisoners who first deserted to be exchanged now want to take the oath. The rebels drove and carried off every thing for miles around. The wealthiest families are destitute and starving. Women and children are crying for food, and all the males are forced into the army.

THE CAPTURE OF MEMPHIS.

The particulars of the capture of Memphis were received in Washington on 7th from Commodore Davis, in which he states that a battle took place between his fleet, aided by Colonel Ellet's ram flotilla, and the rebel fleet of eight gun-boats and rams. The engagement commenced at half past five on the morning of the 6th instant, and ended at seven in a running fight, the end of which was the capture of four vessels of the rebel fleet, the sinking of two, and the burning of one. One escaped by superior speed. Colonel Ellet, who is seriously but not dangerously wounded, is highly complimented for his gallantry and skill. Memphis was surrendered by the Mayor immediately after the engagement, and was placed under military authority.

THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

Dispatches received from General Mitchell, on 7th, dated at Huntsville, Alabama, state that General Negley, with a portion of the forces under his (Mitchell's) command had driven the rebels under General Adams from Winchester to Chattanooga, and at that place had utterly routed them and captured all their baggage wagons, supplies, and ammunition.

MOBILE ATTACKED.

A dispatch from Mobile to the Petersburg *Express* states that the Union fleet has passed the lower batteries on the river and attacked Fort Morgan.

THE MOVEMENT AGAINST CHARLESTON.

Dispatches from Flag-Officer Dupont state that the gun-boats have possession of Stono, near Charleston,

General Stevens, with an expedition, went from Port Royal to Pocotaglio, a railway station on the road between Charleston and Savannah, and tore up the track, thus cutting off communication between those two cities.

Southern papers report that our troops landed on the 4th instant at James Island, opposite Charleston; that a battle took place there, and they claim a victory. Later dispatches, dated the same day, say that our men landed in large force on Battery Island and John Island, and were then in front of General Gist, the rebel leader, under cover of our gun-boats. An immediate advance on the city was then considered imminent.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

The whole Shenandoah valley has been cleared of the rebels by the combined movements of General Shields, General Frémont, and General M'Dowell, from whose force a brigade of cavalry, under General Bayard, reached Strasburg on 1st, and was ordered by General Frémont to join in the pursuit of Jackson's army, who made three attempts to maintain a position at different points, but were driven from each with great loss. The rebels were attacked at Strasburg by Frémont's forces on the evening of 1st, and rapidly pursued on Monday morning by the troops of Frémont, Shields, and Bayard. Their dispersion was complete.

General Frémont reached Harrisonburg on 7th, and drove Jackson's rear-guard from the place.

ANOTHER UNION MEETING IN TENNESSEE.

The Union meeting announced to be held in Shelbyville, Tennessee, has come off. Three thousand people were present, and the Union sentiment was strongly manifested. Governor Johnson, Colonel May, and J. L. Scudder addressed the meeting, the latter gentleman having been a prominent secessionist previously, and an official under the rebel Governor Harris.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE SLAVE-TRADE TREATY.

In the House of Lords Earl Russell has laid upon the table the new treaty with the United States for the suppression of the slave-trade. He briefly explained its objects, and bore testimony to the efforts of the Government of President Lincoln to put a stop to the traffic.

TURKEY.

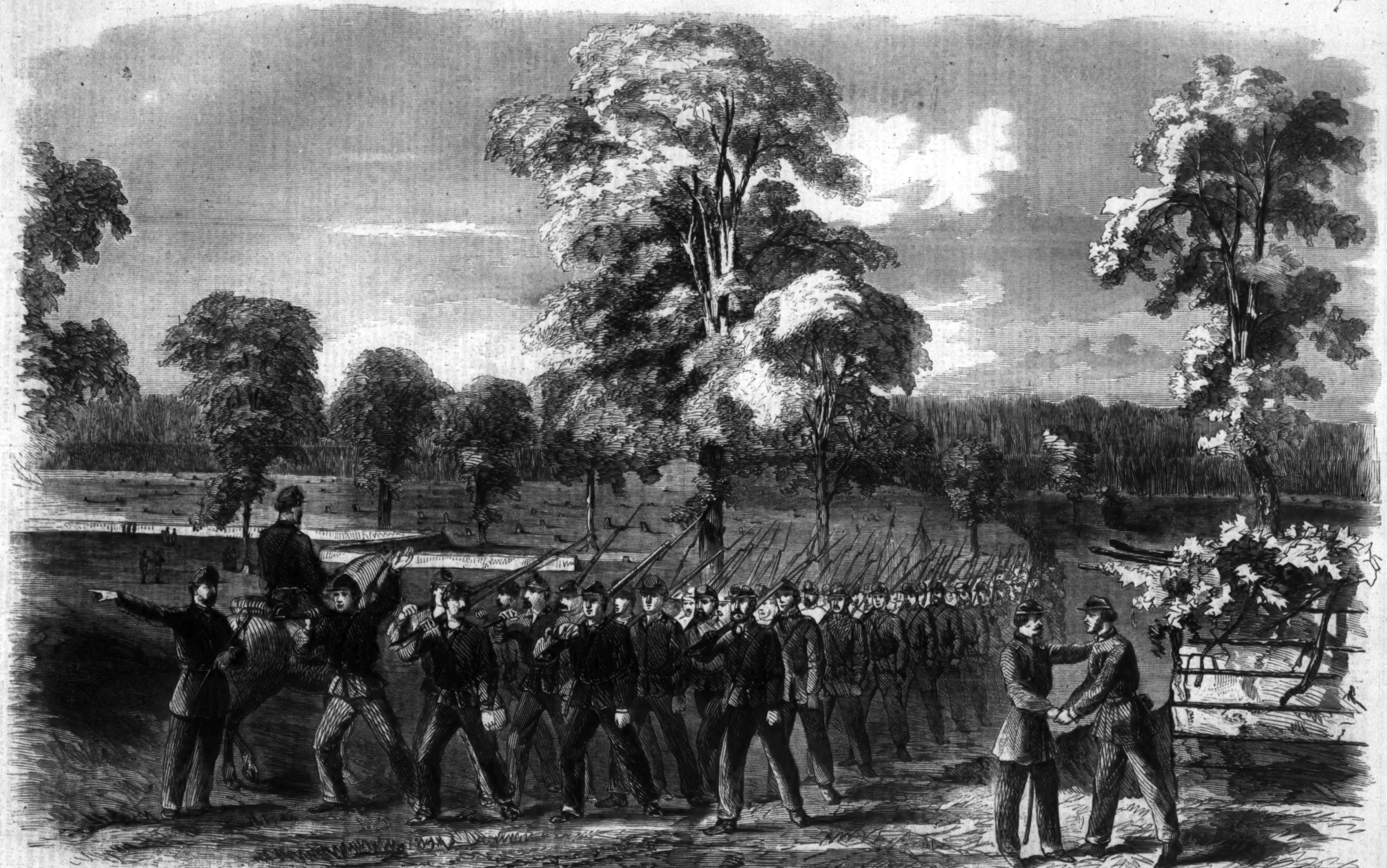
NO REBEL FLAG IN TURKISH WATERS.

As a singular contrast to the action of the Christian Powers of Europe with regard to the reception given and aid afforded to rebel vessels in their ports, we have the fact demonstrated, by recent official communications between Mr. Seward and the Government of the Sultan of Turkey, that the latter has refused admission into Turkish ports to any vessel bearing the rebel flag.

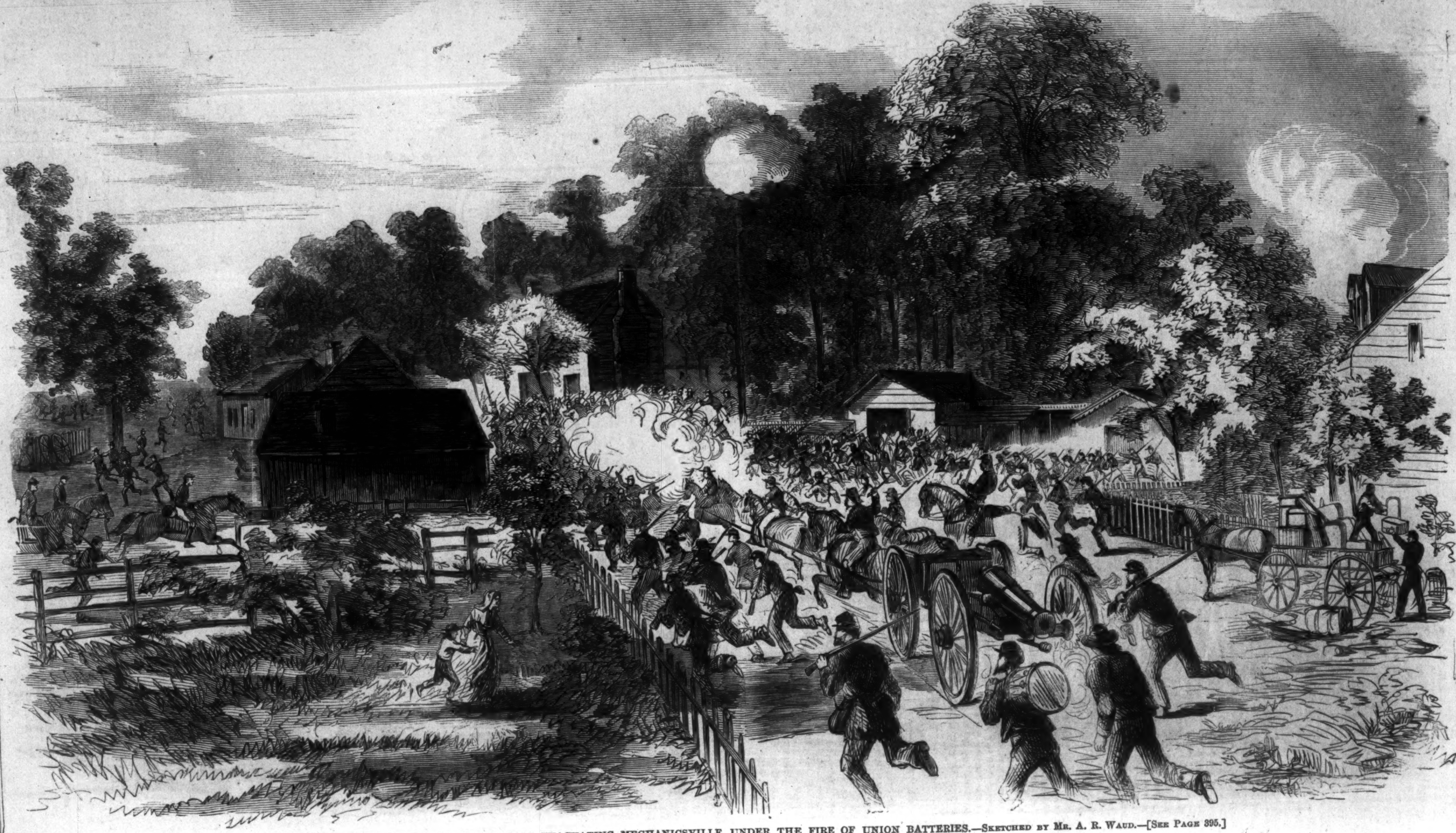
MEXICO.

RUMORED REPULSE OF THE FRENCH.

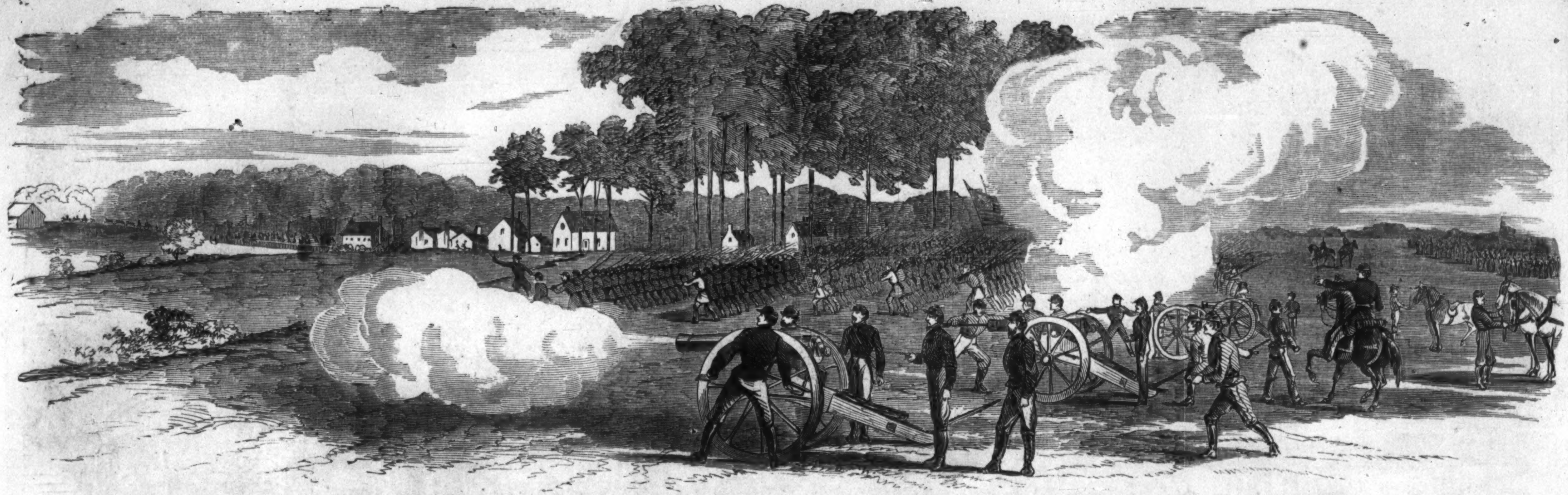
News from Vera Cruz comes to us to the 14th ult. Reports were circulating to the effect that the French had met with a severe repulse at Puebla, losing about twelve hundred men; but many were slow to believe it; and other rumors say that the invaders occupied Puebla without any resistance. Preparations for defending the capital were continuing.



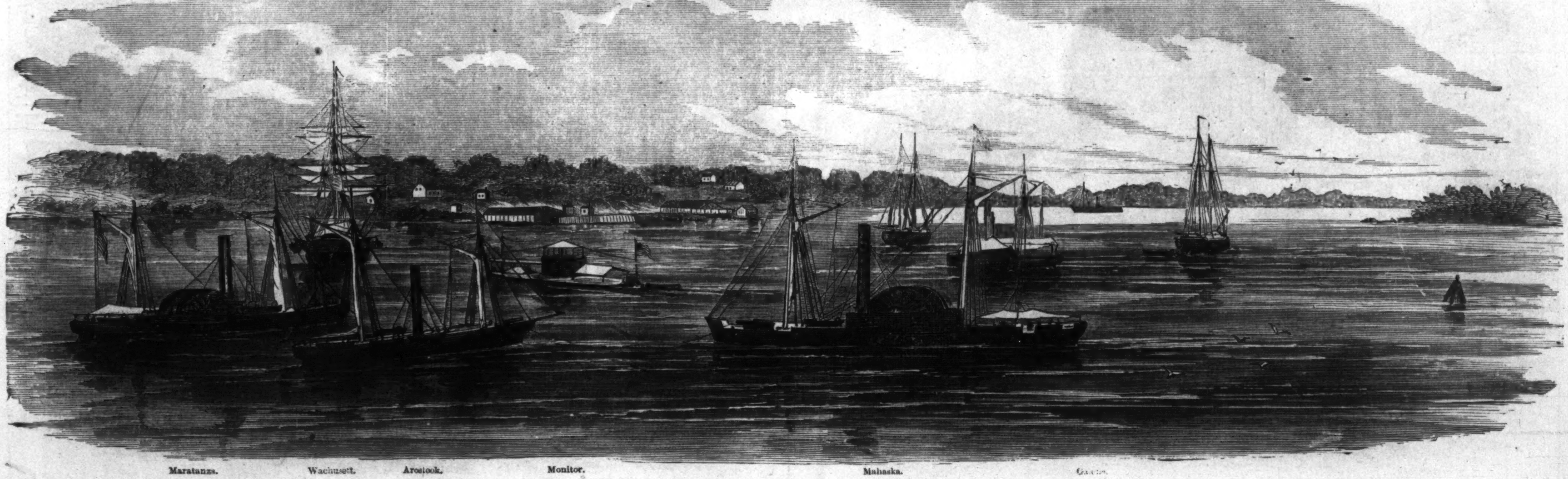
ADVANCE-GUARD OF MAJOR-GENERAL POPE'S ARMY ENTERING CORINTH, MAY 30, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE REBELS EVACUATING MECHANICSVILLE UNDER THE FIRE OF UNION BATTERIES.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 395.]

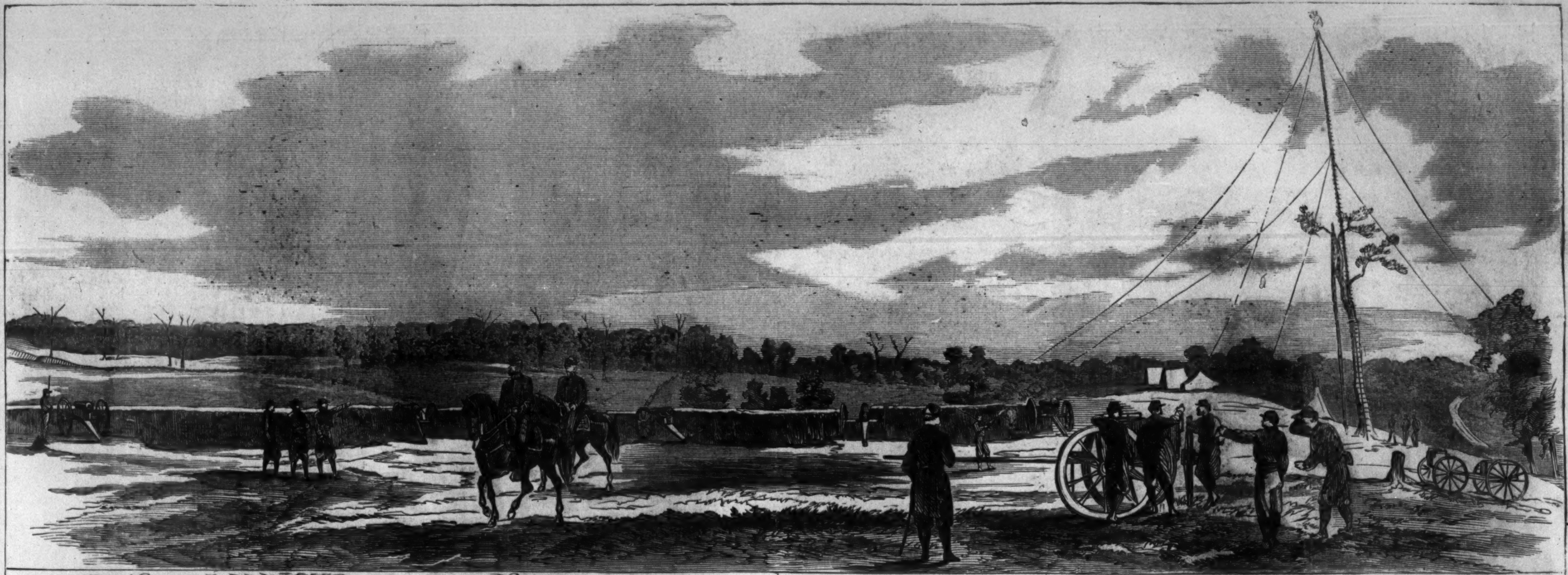


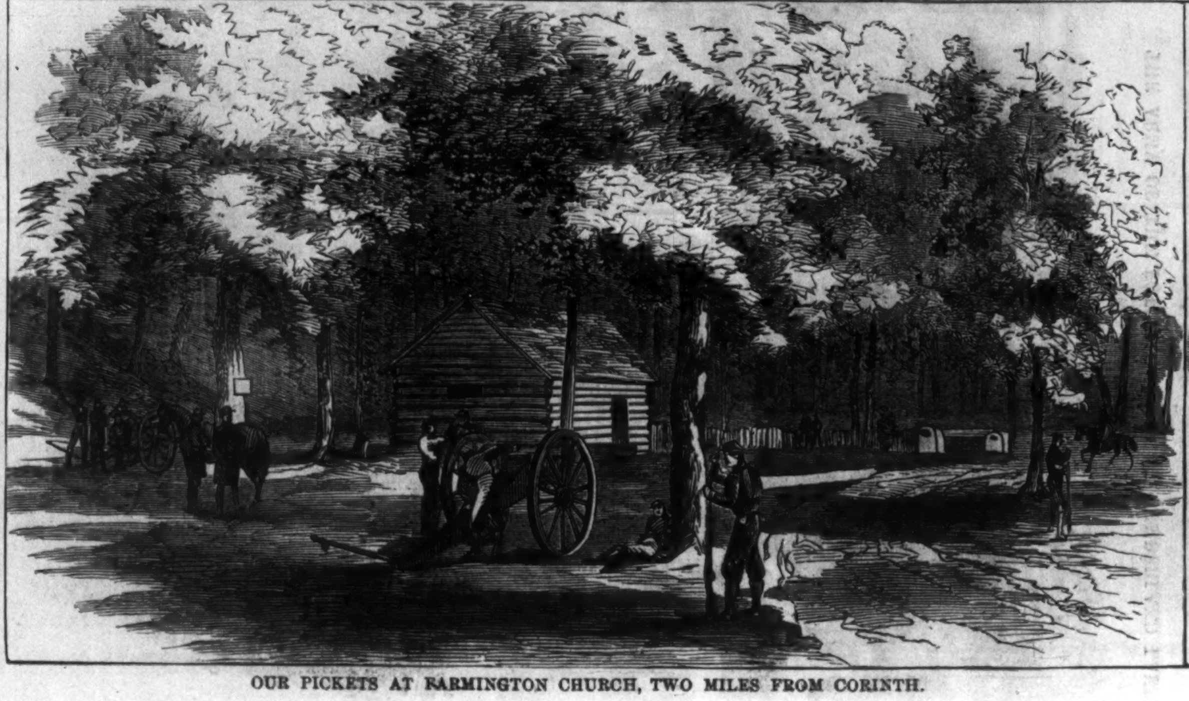
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL DAVIDSON'S BRIGADE TAKING POSSESSION OF MECHANICSVILLE, NEAR RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, MAY 24, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. Mead.—[See Page 395.]


Maratanza.
Wachusett.
Arostook.
Monitor.
Mahaska.
Galena.

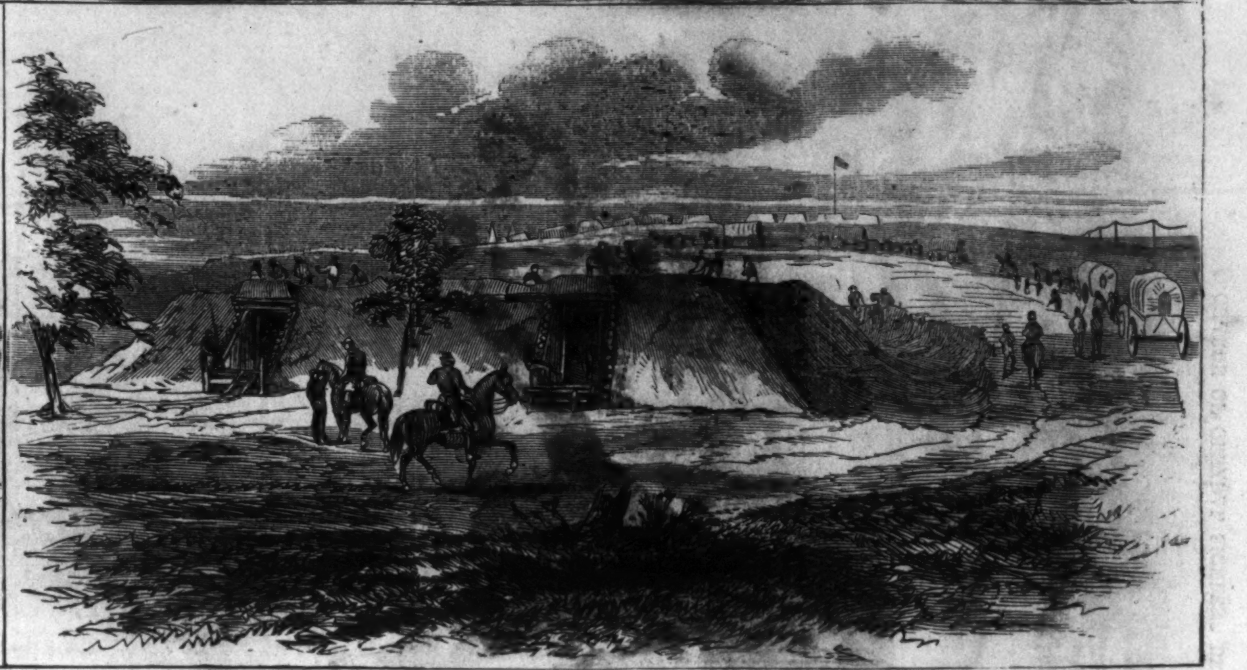
RENDEZVOUS OF OUR FLEET IN JAMES RIVER, OFF CITY POINT.—Drawn on the Spot, May 29, 1862.—[See Page

THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI—LOOKING INTO CORINTH FROM GENERAL POPE'S OBSERVATORY.—Sketched by Mr. A. Simplot.—[See Page 395.]

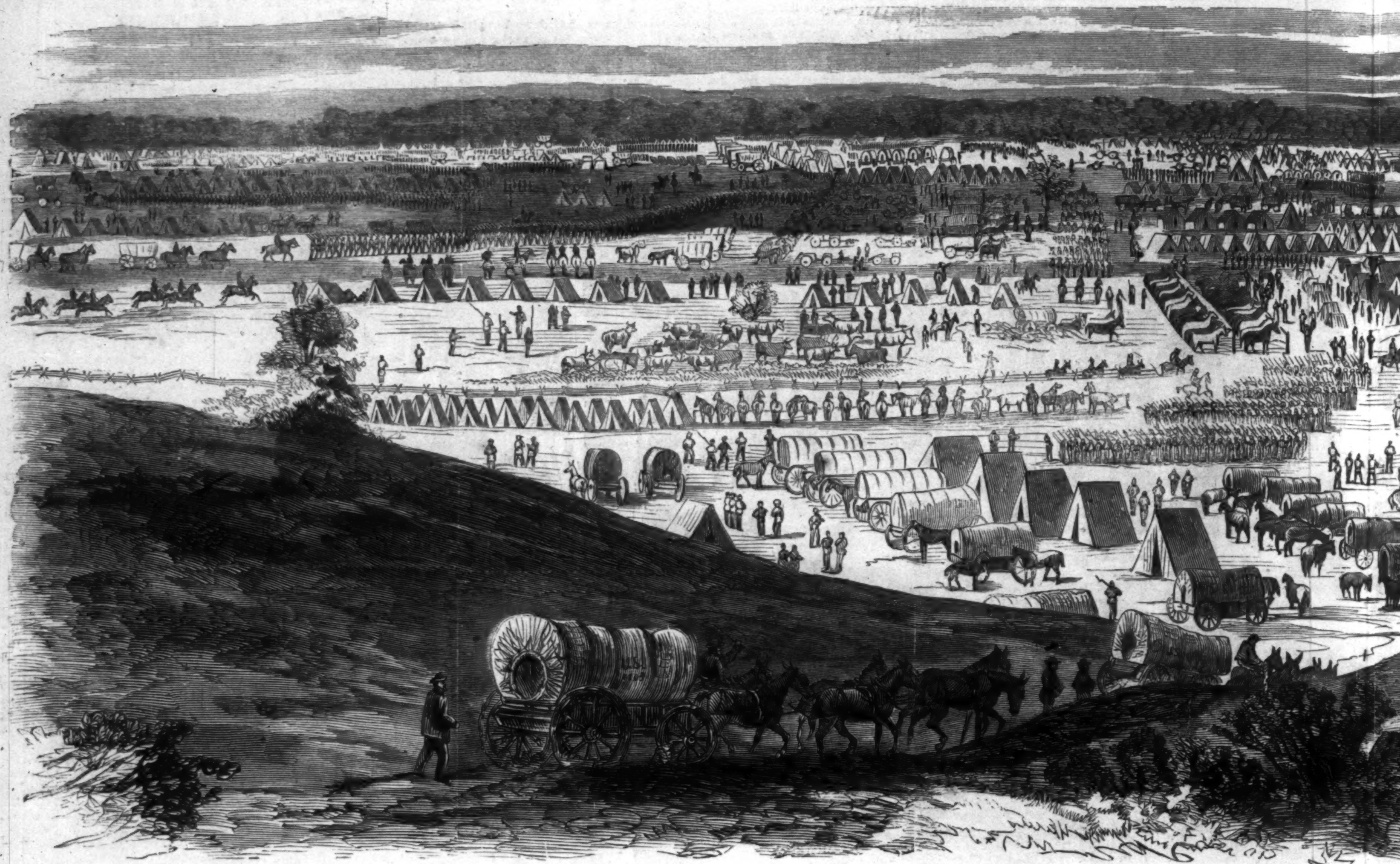




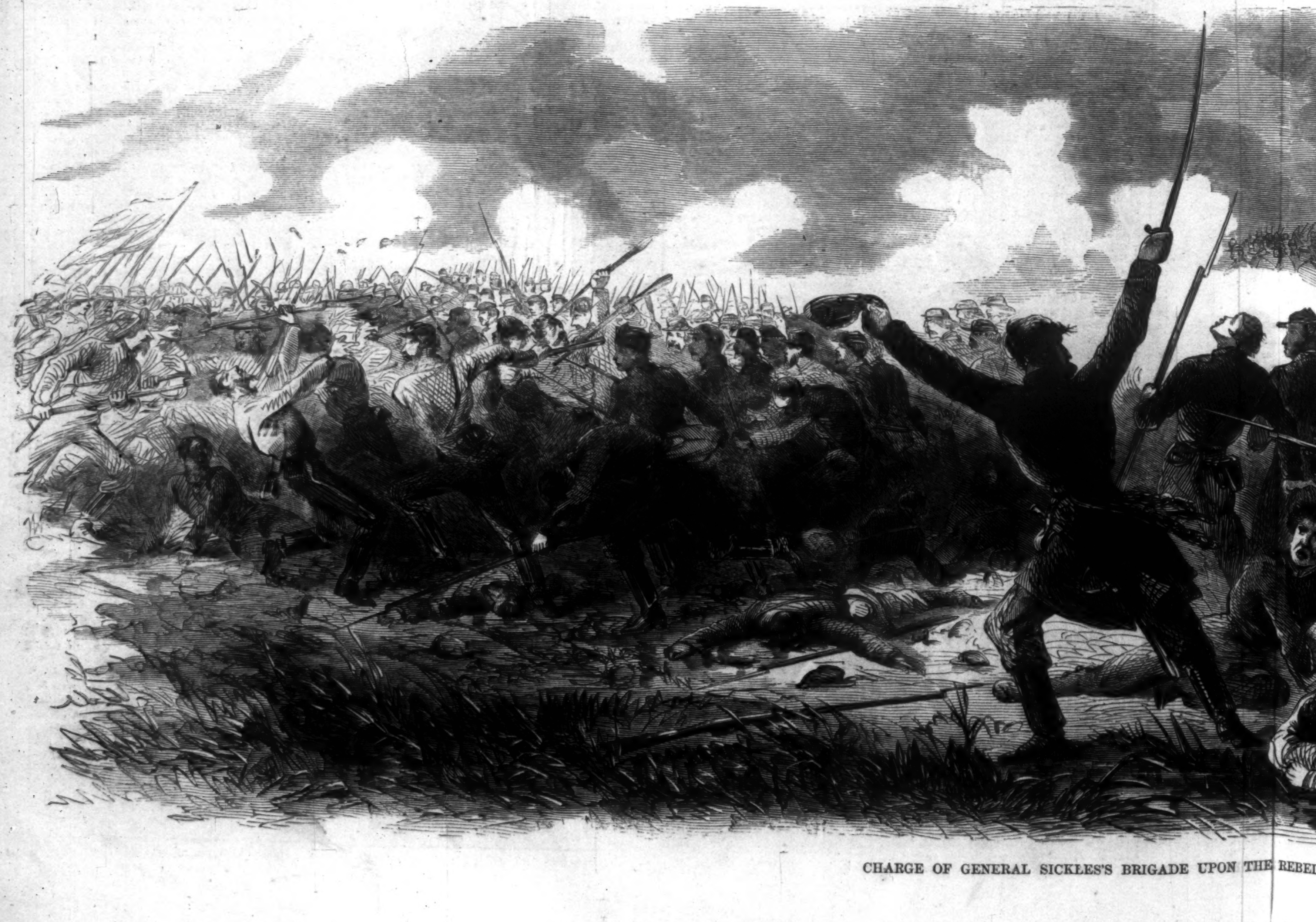
OUR PICKETS AT FARMINGTON CHURCH, TWO MILES FROM CORINTH.



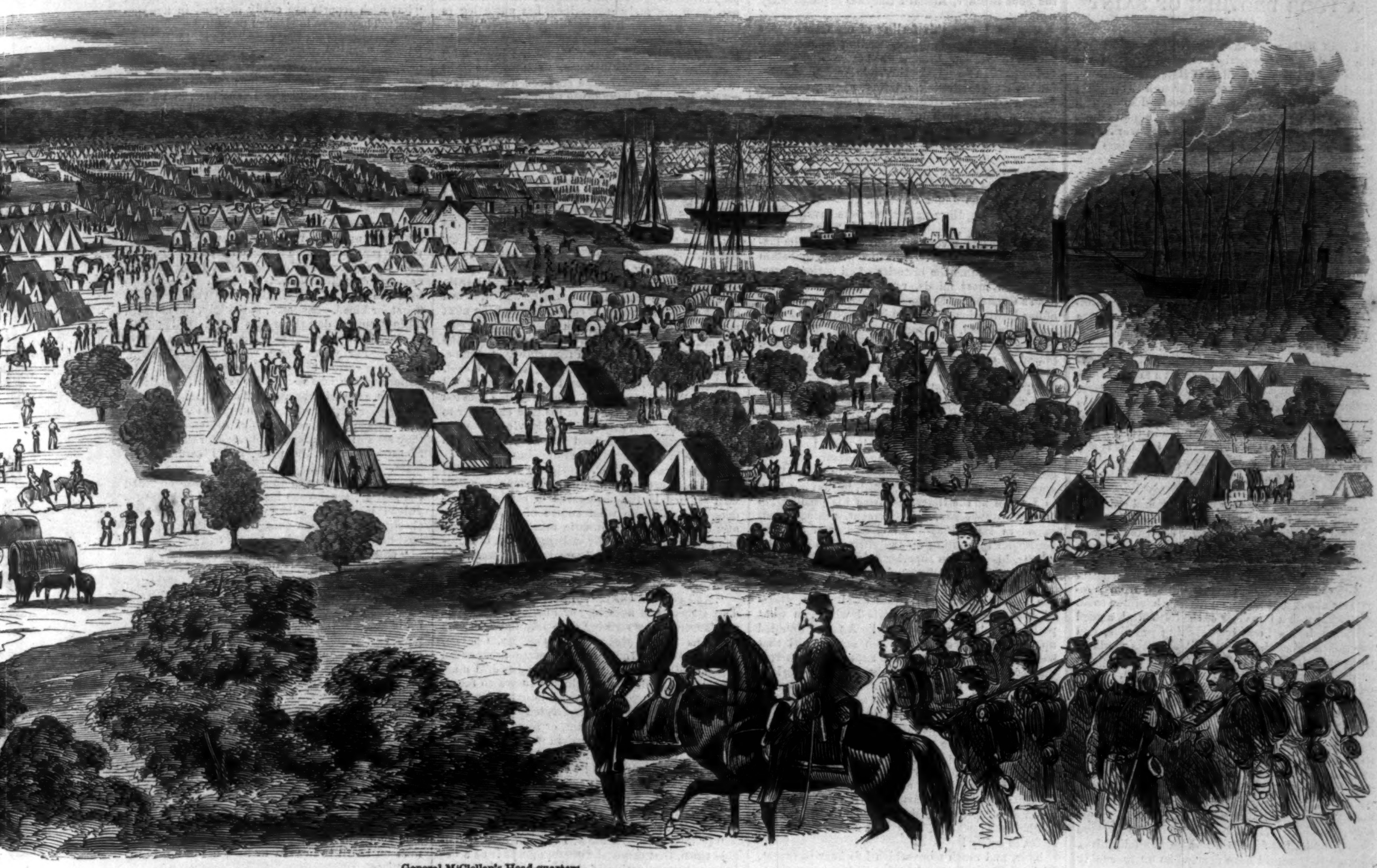
GENERAL POPE'S TROOPS THROWING UP A MAGAZINE NEAR FARMINGTON.



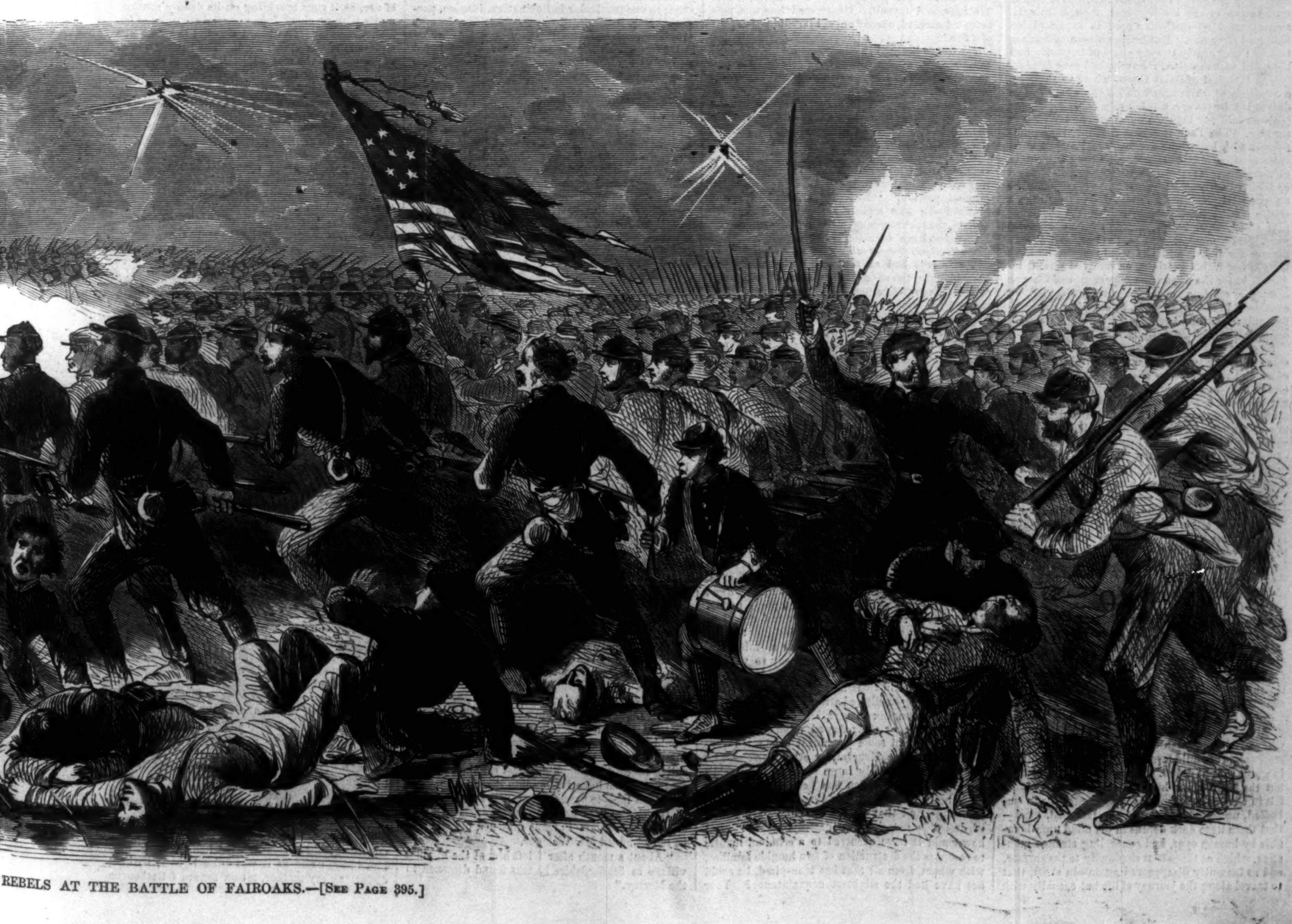
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CAMP AT CUMBERLAND LANDING, ON THE PAMU



CHARGE OF GENERAL SICKLES'S BRIGADE UPON THE REBEL


General M'Clellan's Head-quarters.

PAMUNKY RIVER.—Sketched by Mr. Mead, of the Vermont Brigade.—[See Page 395.]



REBELS AT THE BATTLE OF FAIROAKS.—[See Page 395.]

A POOR BROTHER OF SAINT CROSS.

I WAS little more than sixteen years old when the murder—the unsparing extermination of the Mars and Williams families, of Ratcliffe Highway, London, sent a thrill of horror through the nation; from which my own boy-mind received so deep an impression, that, though the effacing hand of more than half a century has since done its work upon me in regard of other occurrences, the Mars and Williams tragedies, with the surrounding circumstances, are fresh and vivid in my memory as ever. It will be seen that an influence unshared by the public greatly helped to burn that impression into my brain.

The feature of the ferocious deed which more especially terrorized timid, nervous people, was, that no conceivably-adequate motive could be assigned for the assassination of those men, women, children, babes—for the wholesale destruction of two families who, though near neighbors, were unconnected by any tie of blood, friendship, or even of a common acquaintance. Quite inoffensive people, they could not have incurred the personal vengeance to be appeased only by such a horrible massacre; while, as to plunder, but a few shillings—if a few shillings—were carried off. What before unheard-of demon-spirit, hot from hell, had been loosed upon the earth? The excitement and alarm were, as I have said, intense in their exaggeration—ludicrous, absurd it may be; but it was long before a cool, reasonable appreciation of the horrible events took place of that excitement and alarm.

The topic had, however, almost ceased to be discussed, when it was revived at our fireside under strange conditions. Our family consisted only of my father, mother, myself, and a woman-servant. Our dwelling, completely isolated, was situate about half-way between the city of Winchester and the village of Otterbourne, distant from Winchester about four miles, on the Southampton road. My father was a lay-vicar of the Cathedral, a good musician, had a lucrative teaching practice, and was possessed of eight houses—tenements would be the more suitable expression—yielding in all about a hundred pounds yearly. Those rents, which were punctually paid, he himself collected, being a singularly methodical man in business matters, exactly on the day fortnight after they fell due—that is to say, on the 8th of July and the 8th of January. On these occasions my father dined at the "Hare and Hounds," Otterbourne; and it was often not till the small hours of the morning chimed that he found his way home—occasionally fresh, no doubt, but never in any degree intoxicated. He was of a genial disposition, and sang so agreeably, that he could not be so churlish as to leave tenants and other friends whom he was delighting, at what they would have deemed an unreasonably early hour. This practice of collecting his rents, and walking home alone at the dead of night with about fifty pounds in cash about him, was of course well-known in the locality, and often warningly remonstrated against—the road in many places being a lonely one. But he was a man of fearless temper; and nearly twenty years of impunity had banished apprehension, if any he had ever felt.

The Hospital of Saint Cross, where to this day a manchet of white bread and a cup of ale can be demanded by every wayfarer, was as nearly as possible midway between our abode and Winchester city. The Poor Brethren dwelling there, uniformed with loose blue overcoats and cocked hats, were familiar objects—passing, as they frequently did, our door. One of them—a new-comer—known as Richard Cheyne, happened to render my mother an essential service. She was driving alone in a chaise on the Southampton road, when the horse first shied, then bolted, dashing off at a fearful pace. My mother, panic-stricken, could only scream for help; and she would probably have been either killed outright, or received serious injury, but for the opportune appearance of Cheyne—who, a resolute, powerful man, succeeded, at considerable risk to himself, in stopping the terrified animal, and delivering my mother from a great danger.

So great a service, of course, secured him a welcome to our house at all times—a privilege or right of which he was not slow to avail himself. Richard Cheyne might be about fifty years old—certainly not older; a hale, vigorous, instructed man, with a vehement flow of words if in the least degree excited—always at such times monopolizing the conversation, or nearly so, and pouring forth a torrent of declamative comment upon affairs in general, mainly sarcastic, vituperative, mixed up with a profusion of anecdote, the whole strung together, I have heard my father more than once remark, in a loose, dislocated fashion, but always commanding the close attention of his hearers. His physiognomy was remarkable. Such a face, from its mobile, varying expression, would be, I should imagine, the despair of portrait painters. There was, however, about it one never-changing and by no means agreeable peculiarity. No one could ever *fix* for a moment his restless, fiery eyes. They were invariably turned away from the individual addressed, and directed toward a window, wall, or vacancy.

My father, I quickly discovered, while grateful for the service he had rendered, felt a growing antipathy toward the man—shrank with almost a shudder from only the slightest bodily contact with him. I do not believe they once shook hands after the first meeting. It was equally clear to me that Cheyne felt and resented my father's coldness and reserve—to use mild terms—though he never hinted in words that he did so. My mother remonstrated; but the reply of her husband always was, that he felt in Cheyne's presence as if confronted by an embodied, undefinable, but not the less real, peril—that there were dark depths in his mind unfathomable by human eyes, and concealing strange monsters, which at times rose shadowily to the surface, and as instantly disappeared again—in short, that to travel along the journey of life but casually with the Poor Brother, Richard Cheyne, required wary walking.

Boy as I was, this feeling of my father's was perfectly intelligible to me, needing no non-natural interpretation. Cheyne was possessed by a mastering passion for relating horrible stories. A morbid mania for dwelling, dilating, upon greatly revolting crimes—extraordinary murders especially—had obtained such irresistible ascendency over him, that, upon however different a topic his voluble headlong discourse first started, it was always sure to diverge into some thrilling story of atrocious, *triumphant* crime—foul murders, the secrets of which had died with the successful perpetrators. I have now no doubt whatever that the mass of those blood-curdling narratives were inventions—the creations, or, might I say, *fumes*, of an imagination heated to a very unusual degree by the fascination in which the terrible blood-blots that stain and richly illume the histories of all nations exercises over most minds, rendering Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors the most attractive part of her Exhibition, for admission to which a double fee is demanded, and readily paid.

How the man gloated over, analyzed, dissected, placed in every possible light the murder of the Mars and Williams families! Full six months had passed since that occurrence. It was, I have remarked, becoming stale to most people. Not to him; he never wearied of it. It was his daily bread. Many of the melodramatic incidents with which he tinseled the terrible tale were, I am quite sure, if not absolutely false, most grossly exaggerated for effect, he being wonderfully vain of his genius for word-painting. Still, he having been in London at the time, and, from his predilection for such unwholesome excitement, zealously engaged in the self-assumed character of amateur policeman in hunting up and sifting the revolting details, his claim to superior information upon the subject could not be disputed—at least, not openly.

How graphically, with what nervous emotion, the Poor Brother of St. Cross dwelt upon, gloated over, those details—described where, in what position the bodies were found! A father doubled up behind his shop-counter!—a servant-girl that had gone to fetch oysters for supper fallen across the threshold of the parlor she was entering!—a mother killed while dozing, it might be, in an arm-chair!—daughters when partly undressed for bed!—children, mere babes, while their eyes were closed in sleep! And the lodger who, awakened by a noise below on the night of the *second* massacre, stole softly, in his shirt, with loaded pistols in his hands, down stairs, saw a man bending over the dead body of a woman, and apparently rifling the pockets; and how that armed craven stole up back again as softly as he had descended, tied the sheets of his bed together, and by that means gained the street in safety!

This, and much more which I forbear to repeat, Richard Cheyne poured forth with exultant, frothing fury—if I may so express myself—one evening when there were present only my father, a Mr. Woolgar, and myself. He seemed like one possessed, demented, carried out of himself by the spirit of a fiend.

My father listened in silence, and with watchful astonishment as it were. Mr. Woolgar, at a momentary pause in Cheyne's boiling, turbid torrent of description, said:

"Don't you then believe, Mr. Cheyne, that the fellow apprehended upon suspicion, and who destroyed himself in jail, was the assassin, or at least the principal murderer?"

"He, miserable coward, the principal murderer!" shouted Cheyne, as if Mr. Woolgar's words had been oil cast upon the flame of demoniac triumphal passion. "No! Never, Sir! He who planned—he who mainly consummated that act of hate, that act of vengeance upon the human race, was—*must* have been—*a criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other mad-house!*"

The words had no sooner left the man's lips than his face, the suddenly variable expression of which I have before noticed, changed to a deathly pallid hue; beads of perspiration burst out upon his forehead; his eyes were cast down; his whole frame trembled in, it seemed, a paroxysm of terror, as a man would look and tremble, I should fancy, who, having taken a wild, drunken leap in the dark, finds that he has landed himself upon the crumbling edge of an abyss.

"A criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other mad-house!" said my father, slowly, and with the air of one upon whom a startling light had fallen. "A criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other mad-house! That is a singular guess, *if it be a guess*, to be so confidently put forth."

Cheyne, as my father spoke, raised his eyes and looked the speaker keenly in the face—the very first time I had seen him do so. It was necessary to understand the significance of that slow, solemn interpretation of his own words. He did understand its significance, and my father must have felt that he did.

The head of the Poor Brother was again bowed down; the eyes shaded by his outspread palms. There was a silence of some minutes' duration, broken by the placid tones of Mr. Woolgar:

"A very extraordinary guess, or surmise, Mr. Cheyne—an absurd one, if I may say so without offense. Criminal lunatics, I have read, have always a method in their madness—seek to accomplish some long-meditated atrocity, displaying very often much cunning in carrying out that preconceived object: or their flawed minds have been attracted toward some prominent celebrated personage—a Prince, General, or other person—who occupies an unusually large place in the world's eye; by which a notion has been engendered in their brain which connects them with that great personage, and that they will achieve some kind of desirable notoriety by destroying him. But how could it have occurred to a criminal lunatic to compass the destruction of two humble families, with whom, from all that has transpired, he could not have had the slightest acquaintance? Your proposition or guess, Mr. Cheyne, though, I can not doubt, sincerely entertained, has not a leg to stand upon: to me it is absolutely absurd."

"I do not agree with you," said my father, in his coldest, sternest tones: "I do not agree with you, Woolgar, in this instance. You may be right in a general sense—I dare say you are. It is a subject to which I have given no attention. There are exceptions to all rules. I believe, with Mr. Cheyne, that he who planned, he who mainly consummated the murder of those two unfortunate families, *was* a criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other mad-house."

Again my father's and the Poor Brother's eyes met. Had a shred of doubt remained in the mind of Cheyne that my father had seized his terrible secret, that look—though, being so young, it did not at the time strike me so forcibly as upon after recollection—must have dissipated that shred of doubt. Still, my father's suspicions, aroused by his own maniacal imprudence, would avail little or nothing, he must have argued; and if, when called up to the session of cooler thoughts the next morning, he espied danger in those injurious suspicions, some mode of silencing them might be found. Meanwhile, not to throw away a chance, Richard Cheyne—commencing, in, for him, a cool, deliberate style, and continuing so to speak till constitutional infirmity of uncontrollable passion confirmed the self-betrayal of his true character to the watchful observance of the lay-vicar of Winchester Cathedral—favored his auditors with a narrative in very nearly the following words:

"I disagree with Mr. Woolgar's theory of the determinate action of insanity. No man, however well studied in the phenomena of cerebral disorders, can predicate what course of action under any circumstances a lunatic must take. There is a profound truth, ludicrously conveyed, in Hamlet's speech, that 'he is only mad nor-nor-west, and when the wind is southerly he knows a hawk from a heron—'"

"And yet, Mr. Cheyne," interrupted my imprudent father—not knowing, or unmindful, that his words were goads striking deep into the flesh of a ferocious human tiger—"and yet, Mr. Cheyne, you but two or three minutes since pronounced dogmatically, assuredly, that those dreadful murders, with the details of which you are so familiar, and to which your mind, as if haunted by them, reverts, must have been perpetrated by a criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other mad-house. That positive assertion, unless based upon facts within your own exclusive knowledge—for certainly the general public entertain no such suspicion or notion—is, as it seems to me, very much at variance with your theory."

Mr. Richard Cheyne, disdaining or avoiding a direct reply, continued his narrative:

"Hamlet's remark hints, I say, an unquestionable truth, that cerebral disease, except it be a decay or disorganization of the texture of the brain, is a hallucination—a delusion—a passion confined, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases of one thousand, to one particular hallucination, illusion, passion. Now it happened to me, about four months previous to my nomination as a Poor Brother of Saint Cross by the Earl of Guilford, that I found myself at a mean public house, at an out-of-the way village, not far from Dudley, in Staffordshire. My means were slender, and I was therefore obliged to content myself with the mean lodging and coarse fare which such slender means could command. In the same house was another lodger—poor as I, or poorer; and he, a climax of calamity, was hunted by the blood-hounds of the law. He kept very close; but I had at last met with him in the yard of the public, and recognized William Parsons immediately, having been present when he was tried at Chelmsford, Essex, for willful murder. He had killed and robbed a farmer who insulted him a few hours before the avenger met him in a solitary part of the road from Chelmsford to Brentwood."

"I remember the case very well," said Mr. Woolgar.

"So do I," added my father. "William Parsons, a blood-thirsty ruffian, if there ever was one, was acquitted by the jury on the ground of insanity—ordered to be confined during his Majesty's pleasure, and when you met him was a criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, after murdering one of the keepers. Is it him you suspect of having plotted and perpetrated the destruction of the Mars and Williams families?"

"I do not permit myself to suspect without reasonable grounds of suspicion," replied Cheyne, recovering his sarcastic tone. "To do so is to stamp one's self a coward or a bully—likely enough both. I have no right to suspect William Parsons of those particular crimes; I am only about to explain how it came to be strongly borne in upon my mind that such seemingly motiveless murders, carried out with consummate cunning and success, may be fairly presumed to be the work of a criminal lunatic—"

"Escaped from Bedlam, or some other mad-house," interjected my father.

"Escaped from Bedlam, or some other mad-house. There is certainly not much logic in the deduction arrived at, when, fresh as it were from listening to William Parsons's confessions—confidences would be the fitter term—I came to the conclusion that only such a man could have conceived and carried out, influenced only by an overpowering mania for murder, those else unaccountable atrocities."

"William Parsons made you his confidant?" said Mr. Woolgar. "I am not much surprised at that. He did not imagine, I dare say, that you would actively assist in the hunt after him. And from all I have heard, there seems to be an over-ruling necessity compelling great criminals—those especially who have broken into the sacred temple of human life—to perpetually revert to, and babble of, the crimes ever present to their affrighted consciences. William Parsons drowned himself, did he not?" added Mr. Woolgar.

"About a month after I left him at the obscure village in Staffordshire he was found drowned in the Mersey."

"I have seen it so reported," said my father; "but such reports are easily inserted in newspapers. They serve to slacken pursuit."

"The story of his life, confided to me by William Parsons," continued Cheyne, with constrained calmness, "was a terrible one. His name was not Parsons—at least, that was not the name of his reputed father, a wealthy squire of Lancashire, and which he, the supposedly legitimate son and heir, bore unquestioned till he had passed his twentieth year. The father died. The validity of his marriage with the young man's mother was disputed by the next of kin. In the end, William Parsons—as, for sufficient reasons, he called himself in after-years—was legally branded bastard, and cast forth a penniless vagabond into the mocking world: he who had been reared in luxury, taught to regard himself as the undoubted heir to estates yielding a clear yearly rental of twelve thousand pounds. The fall from that splendid height to such a depth of darkness and despair flawed his intellect. The disease took the form of a tiger-thirst for vengeance—a thirst for blood. Eagerly, untiringly, did he, with lolling tongue, dog those who had despoiled him, in search of an opportunity for slaking that hellish thirst. For years—long, weary years—in vain. At last occasion called, and he was ready. The father and son who reveled in his rightful heritage all at once conceived a caprice for the sea. A yacht, the *Zephyr*, fitted with all luxurious appliances, was built for them, and on a fine summer afternoon they set sail with a favoring breeze for the Mediterranean—Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm. Had they known that the Avenger, habited and working as a common seaman, was on board the *Zephyr*, the joyous insolence of merriment indulged in by the silken fools would have been checked. More than once William Parsons imagined he was recognized. A vain fear!

"One night a solitary sailor, when the *Zephyr* was becalmed in the Mediterranean, slid down quietly into a boat used sometimes by the *gentlemen* for fishing in calm weather, and then towing astern. In the boat, as they would probably resume their fishing should the weather continue favorable, was placed an abundant supply of daintiest provisions, wine, etc. The night was dark. The solitary sailor cast off unobserved—quietly shipped the boat's mast, loosed the sail, the faint air blowing sufficed to waft the light skiff away from the slumbering ship, and in some ten minutes a sufficient distance had been gained. The sailor then furled his sail, and lay rocking on the gently-breathing sea, impatient for the dread catastrophe which he believed—with such patient skill had he laid the train—would be inevitable. The *Zephyr* (though the war with the revolted States of America was concluded, that with revolutionary France not commenced) carried four pieces of brass ordnance, and the magazine was sufficient to blow the yacht into chips—the men on board to heaven or hell, according to the premises.

"The sailor had not very long to wait. He had won the game. The slight, tortuous, serpent train of fire, as it runs sparkling on its deadly mission, meets with no check from material obstacles of human watchfulness on board a vessel in which discipline is of the laxest kind. The licking tongue of fire reaches the magazine; a pyramid of flame, accompanied by the roar as of a thousand thunders, leaps up into the dark night. Presently afterward the heavy fragments of the *Zephyr* fall with sullen splash into the water, and all is over! The usurping father and son and William Parsons have at last finally settled accounts; the great estates in Lancashire have slipped from their grasp as irretrievably as they did from that of the Bastard. Ha! ha! That, now, if you like, was a triumph—though no money was obtained by it—the remembrance of which would heat the icy blood of infirm age to flame."

"Do you mean to seriously state that the misbegotten villain really committed the fiendish act you describe? It is impossible! Parsons must have been abusing your ears with the recital of a devilish fiction."

"The *Zephyr*, at all events, has never since been heard of. I have no doubt Parsons told me the simple truth. He was mad, you know—his particular craze being the lawfulness of slaying your enemies whenever the opportunity occurs. A right royal doctrine, you can not but admit. Besides, a jury decided that Parsons was not an accountable being. In the case of the farmer he did not, they in substance declared, know what he was about—had no distinct conception that he was killing the fool who insulted him. By parity of reasoning it must be held that he did not know that a cleverly-contrived train of gunpowder, if it reached the magazine, would make splinters of the yacht—beatify or damn the souls of all on board. Dangerous men, no doubt, are madmen—and to be locked up for life; but innocent, oh! perfectly innocent in intention. They know not what they do. Ha! ha! It is a sound, wholesome doctrine. Good-night, gentlemen. I must be off, or the gate of Holy Cross will be closed before I reach it."

"Cheyne"—gravely remarked Mr. Woolgar, as he also rose to leave—"Cheyne talks as if he himself was as mad as Parsons."

"I have no doubt, friend Woolgar, that Cheyne *is* every whit as mad as Parsons. I will speak with you further on the subject," added my father, "in a day or two. The matter is a serious one, and must be looked to."

"Mention not a word to your mother, James," said my father, "of what we have heard to-night; it would only distress her to no purpose. My own opinion is fixed. Cheyne is a madman and a murderer. As I said to Woolgar, the matter is a very serious one, and *must—shall* be sifted. Meanwhile keep guarded silence."

The next day but one was the 8th of July. My father, as usual, betook himself to Otterbourne; and I, as was the custom, waited up for his return. One—two—three struck. He had never been so late before; and as it was quite light I, without disturbing my mother, set off toward Otterbourne to make inquiry. I had not far to go. In a ditch not more than two hundred yards away I found his body—stark, cold! He had been stabbed with some sharp instrument from behind. Robbery had been added to murder. His money and watch were gone. The zealous investigation immediately set on foot elicited no reliable particle of evidence, or so much as suggested a suspicion of who the assassin or assassins might be. No one exhibited more anxiety to discover a clew to the perpetrator of the dreadful deed than Richard Cheyne. I was not deceived by that show of zeal, and consulted with Mr. Woolgar as to whether we might not hazard obtaining a warrant to search the Poor Brother's apartments in the Hospital. He strongly dissuaded me from attempting such a step. I, however, persisted; communicated my suspicions, and the grounds of them, to the Mayor of Winchester, and a search-warrant issued. Nothing was found to criminate the Poor Brother; and the only result of the search proceeding was that I had earned for myself the enmity of a man whose enmity was death. He did not openly *manifest* any disfavor. On the contrary, his manner toward me had never been so friendly, so apparently cordial—which friendliness and cordiality but the more convinced me I was a marked victim.

The months rolled on. We were again in the dark days and nights of January. My mother, yielding to my importunities, had sold the tenements in Otterbourne. The money was in our house, and we were to leave for Appleby, Westmoreland, where we had several relatives, in a few days.

My mother, who was much indisposed, had gone to Winchester to consult a Dr. Lyford, accompanied by the woman-servant, and would sleep there. Anticipating that I should soon be beyond the immediate reach, at all events, of Richard Cheyne, I was in much better spirits than usual. Again and again, while vainly attempting to fix my attention upon a book, I passed over in review, for the thousandth time the circumstances attending the murder of my father—thought over again the suspicions attaching to the Poor Brother, Richard Cheyne; wondered if the popular notion that "murder will out" would prove true; wondered also how it was no communication had reached us from Lavender, the Bow Street Runner, who had inserted a paragraph in the principal newspapers offering a reward to whoever would give information that might lead to the discovery of the escaped criminal lunatic, William Parsons. I had answered the advertisement, describing Richard Cheyne, and hinting my own belief that he was the man wanted. No answer had been returned, and I concluded that my pen-portrait of the Poor Brother had convinced Mr. Lavender that Richard Cheyne was *not* the man wanted.

It was getting somewhat late for country-folk; and I was thinking of locking up and going to bed, when the door-latch lifted and in glided Richard Cheyne!—all the demon in his nature roused in action, and flaring with flame from the bottomless pit in his wild, madman eyes.

He closed and locked the outer door before my checked pulse could beat again, then with a devilish shout of triumph advanced toward me, a bright, thin poniard (the instrument, I should think, with which he had slain my father) glittering in his hand. "I have thee now, young viper! thee and thy gold! Follow thy accursed father!" I avoided the stroke by leaping backward, seized a chair, successfully warded off his furious poniard strokes, and endeavored to gain the unlocked side-door of the room—once out, my legs would save me. I kept shouting the while, "Murder! murder! Help! help!" Furious—mad—Cheyne flung down the dagger, with his hands seized the chair, and was wrenching it from me, when, just as all hope had left me and I felt the full bitterness of death, the side-door was flung back and in rushed two men—Lavender and a brother officer—both recognized with a shriek of terror by Cheyne. They also recognized him. "All right," almost shouted Lavender; "this is our man! No nonsense, Parsons."

The felon-lunatic offered no further resistance; he was effectually secured and relodged in Bedlam, where he died about three years afterward. It is not, certainly, quite clear that he was one of the murderers of the Mars and Williams families, but the probabilities favor the assumption that he was; and my own conviction upon the point fire would not burn out of me.

THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

We are enabled to give in this number three pages of illustrations of The Army of the Mississippi, from sketches by our special artists, Messrs. Davis and Simplot.

On page 385 we reproduce three of Mr. Davis's sketches of Corinth. Mr. Davis was enabled, through the kindness of a general officer, to visit the place on the evacuation, and he accordingly introduces us to a General View of Corinth, Beauregard's Head-quarters there, and the Railway Junction which gave the point its strategical importance. On page 388 we give another picture, also from a sketch by Mr. Davis, showing the Advance-Guard of General Pope's Army entering the Rebel Works. This was in all probability the culminating point of the war in the Southwest, and the operation therefore possesses historical interest. The picture shows the rude breast-works erected by the enemy for the defense of their position.

We publish on page 391 three illustrations of General Pope's Army, from sketches by our artist, Mr. Alexander Simplot. Farmington, which is shown in the sketches, is thus described by a correspondent of the *World:*

> Farmington, that I write in—that Pope took from the rebels, that the rebels took from Pope, and that Pope took from the rebels again, and that we now have securely under our left wing—is a mere speck of a log-town, deserted by its seventy-five inhabitants; old, dilapidated, and solitary, situated to the east of Corinth about three miles and a quarter, and to the north of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad some two miles and a half. On the big tree at the cross-roads hard by it is written, "To Purdy 22 Miles." The only sign-board left in Farmington reads, "Haynie & Harris." What manner of wares Haynie & Harris were the disposers of their sign does not signify.
>
> Farmington is not only utterly and absolutely vacated of its inhabitants, but presents the appearance, outdoors and in, of having been in this state and condition behind the memory of man.
>
> Still unmapped, insignificant Farmington did confer upon me yesterday one of the most delicious hours of my life. I passed it in a little, old "God's acre" that tops a neighboring hill. The moment you set foot within this inclosure you are struck with the antiquated and dilapidated fashion of every thing around you. The whole area is not greater than a quarter of an acre, and yet I venture to presume that Greenwood or Mount Auburn do not engage and entertain the sensitive to so great an extent as this little rural grave-yard. Old Mortality might find employment here for many hours. I, indeed, either from lack of experience or the age of the inscriptions, made but poor success in his employment.
>
> The fence, of palings that had never known the embellishment of white-wash, has nearly all gone to decay. So also the rude, small sheds that here and there cover from one to half a dozen of the dead. The old-style brick vaults, that once looked tidy and substantial, are falling into ruins and over-spread with moss. A deep layer of last year's leaves hides the ground, except where the hardy wild rose or the tenacious evergreen peeps out in testimony of a loving care of the long, long ago. Bushes are numerous, while every ten square feet contains a lofty and venerable oak. One of these, loftier and more venerable than the rest, occupies the centre of the cemetery, and spreads its vast arms in paternal protection over all beneath them. Some of the graves are surrounded by a small post and rail fence supporting a roof of shingles. Others are inclosed in plain palings. Most are destitute of designation save a simple wooden stake, while the names of several of the departed are chiseled on marble tombstones.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We devote the bulk of our space this week to illustrations of The Army of the Potomac, from sketches by our artists, Messrs. A. R. Waud and Mead.

On page 390 we give a picture, from a sketch by Mr. Mead, of The Battle of Mechanicsville, a small village where the rebels made a stand before they ran toward Richmond; and on page 389 another picture of the "skedaddle" of the rebel forces from the place, from a sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud. The affair is thus described in the correspondence of the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

> This morning at daybreak the rebels opened upon the little band that had driven them across the river at New Bridge. The cavalry and artillery were encamped across the river, and the infantry close by upon the opposite side, but in supporting distance. To our right was a little village called Mechanicsville. In a grove this side a battery of four guns commenced to fire solid shot; before us was an open field, and the fire was at once returned, but no damage being done in half an hour, or the firing being unsatisfactory, Wheeler's battery of four pieces and Davidson's brigade in the following order—Seventy-seventh New York, Colonel J. B. M'Keon; Thirty-third New York, Forty-ninth New York, Seventh Maine, Colonel Mason—were ordered to take the battery. They at once marched up half a mile, when the rebel infantry were seen drawn up in line of battle in front of the battery. Wheeler's battery at once halted and opened upon them, dealing out a terrific fire of canister and shell. It was returned with but little loss on our side. We could now see four squadrons of rebel cavalry and two regiments of gray coats.
>
> After firing some time, the Seventy-seventh New York and Thirty-third New York advanced again, and, in marching up, received a heavy volley of musketry and solid shot from their 12-pounders, with a "charge bayonets," and one of the most terrific roars, that seemed like the bursting of a huge cataract from its barriers, on they rushed; first the cavalry fled, and before the infantry got close enough to see the whites of their eyes, their infantry broke and ran in all directions through the woods. Down went knapsacks, canteens, and muskets. The infantry pursued them cautiously, and found one wounded man upon the field who belonged to a Georgia regiment. Their killed and wounded were taken away with them with this exception.

On pages 392 and 393 we publish a picture representing the Encampment of the Army at Cumberland, on the Pamunky River, from a sketch by Mr. Mead, of Vermont. This encampment was a very striking scene indeed. Never before in this country had so many men of various arms been collected on one plain. The site of the camp itself was one of great natural beauty. Up the river numbers of transports, steamers, and sailing craft, were constantly hurrying forward with troops and munitions of war. The quiet little stream was never so busy since it first flowed downward. It was from this encampment that the army moved forward to the Chickahominy and the Battle of Fairoaks.

On the same pages we illustrate one of the terrible Bayonet Charges by Sickles's Brigade, at the Battle of Fairoaks, on the Sunday—June 1. The *Herald* correspondent wrote:

> Soon the fire became general, and spread along the lines of the Irish brigade, French's brigade, and the brigade of the gallant Howard. This day also the enemy's fire was well directed and severe. But it was returned with certainly equal effect, and our men pushed forward, across the railroad and down into the swamp; and now the enemy in his turn gave way. It was very difficult ground, and the men could not at all times keep the line, and were often up to their waists in water in the advance through the swamp. Yet still they kept on. Sometimes, too, there may have been a weakness under the fire, but the gallantry of the officers kept the men up to it. This was once or twice the case in Howard's brigade; but the young hero, by his own gallantry, gave an example that restored all. Two horses were shot under him in this advance, and he received two rifle-balls in his right arm; but he bound up the shattered limb in a handkerchief and kept the field. With the continual din of the musketry, as it pealed up and down the lines on either side, no order could be heard, and only example served. Thus the mounted officers were compelled to keep ahead in the advance to show the men what was wanted.
>
> There was the Irish brigade in all the glory of a fair free fight. Other men go into fights finely, sternly, or indifferently, but the only man that really loves it after all is the "green immortal" Irishman. So there the brave lads from the old sod, with the chosen Meagher at their head, laughed and fought and joked, as if it were the finest fun in the world. We saw one sitting on the edge of a ditch, with his feet in the water—and the sun and the water too very hot—and he apparently wounded. As we rode by he called out to know if we "had ever seen a boiled Irishman."
>
> From Richardson's division the fire spread around to the New Jersey brigade, on the front which the enemy had pushed so far the day before. Nobly did the Jerseymen stand up to it and push on closer and closer, and the enemy fell back, through the thick swamp, slowly and steadily. On this front the fire was not so severe as on Richardson's, but still it told heavily on our brave fellows, though it did not prevent the advance.
>
> Still farther to the left was the Excelsior brigade, and General Sickles with it. Though on, we believe, his first battle-field, the General had not the air or manner of a novice. He was all activity, and thought only of the way to win.
>
> Sickles's men apparently lost their patience, and we suppose the officers did, and General Sickles especially. When men advance across a battle-field, loading and firing as they go, they naturally do not go very fast, and the Sickles brigade voted the gait to be decidedly slow. So the order was given to fix bayonets and charge, and they did it not mincingly at all, but in terrible earnest and with a glorious cheer. Some of the rebels stood it and held their places; some stood long enough to fire their pieces, and then run; but the mass ran at once, scampered away through the woods like so many squirrels.
>
> That ended the fight for Sunday in that direction, for it would not do to let the men go rashly too far into the woods. We didn't know what little arrangements of artillery, etc., the enemy might have made there in our absence, so with a wise caution the Sickles brigade was drawn back to the edge of the wood, and laid away there snugly; and there it spent its Sunday ready for visitors, though none came, if we except several innocuous shell that the enemy threw into the wood over their heads.

On page 396 we reproduce one of Mr. Waud's sketches, representing General M'Clellan Reconnoitring the Turnpike from Mechanicsville to Richmond. He has been within half an hour's ride of the rebel capital for several days. One can easily imagine the feelings with which he scanned the landscape. A few days more and he will realize the aim of his expedition—On to Richmond!

Lastly, on page 397 we give a picture of the commencement of the Battle of Hanover Court House, from a sketch by an officer engaged, which was kindly presented to our artist. We take the following account of the transaction from the *Herald* correspondence:

> Within about three miles of Hanover Court House the road turns to the right, and to the left there branches off another road which leads to Ashland. It was at this point that the enemy was first discovered in the woods, apparently in force, near the Hanover Road, while at the same time he was found to be in position near the Ashland Road to the left. General Porter immediately made a proper disposition of his forces—infantry, artillery, and cavalry were speedily placed in position to meet the enemy. Berdan's Sharp-shooters went in front, deployed in open order, and shots were exchanged between the opposing forces. At the forks of the road General Martindale was ordered to proceed to the left, drive the enemy from his position, cut the telegraph wires, and pull up a portion of the Virginia Central Railroad track at Peak's Station, which is less than half a mile distant, while the Twenty-fifth New York went in front. General Martindale proceeded with the Twenty-second Massachusetts, Colonel Gove, and the Second Maine, Colonel Roberts, to execute the order. The Twenty-second Massachusetts being directed to support a section of Benson's battery, the Captain commanding the artillery in person, skirmishers were thrown out in front and on either flank, the remainder of the regiment advancing in line of battle behind the battery. The skirmishers soon reported the enemy coming out of railroad cars to the left, therefore the whole of the Twenty-second Massachusetts was ordered to the left of the battery, which opened with shell in the direction in which the enemy was seen, at the same time the Second Maine being thrown to the right, diagonally across the railroad.
>
> In the mean time the section of battery was relieved by Griffins', which advanced between the regiments and opened a vigorous fire on the enemy, while the latter had also brought forward some field-pieces, and there soon ensued quite an artillery engagement. It was subsequently seen that a shell from our battery exploded one of the enemy's caissons. The pioneers of the Second Maine went forward, cut the telegraph wire, pulled up over thirty rails from the railroad track, and, in conjunction with the Twenty-second Massachusetts, accomplished what had been directed. The enemy had been driven back, and the two regiments were withdrawn and directed to join the remainder of our command, which was advancing on Hanover Court House.
>
> Before these operations had transpired on the left the Twenty-fifth New York, in General Martindale's brigade, had proceeded, with Berdan's Sharp-shooters, along the Hanover road. When debouching from the woods, skirmishers being thrown out in front, the enemy opened a vigorous fire of musketry from the woods to the left, about three hundred yards distant. This was the first fire of the day. At this fire Lieutenant-Colonel Savage was wounded in the arm, and Lieutenant Fiske was killed. A rebel regiment then advanced through the fields, filed right along the fence near Dr. Kenny's house, on the left of the road, while those on the other side also came around, and volleys were exchanged. Lieutenant Thompson and four or five men were killed by this fire. Advancing in three detachments, the enemy succeeded in cutting off and capturing nearly two companies of the Twenty-fifth Regiment. Berdan's Sharp-shooters were meanwhile engaged. Colonel Johnson, of the Twenty-fifth, then withdrew his small command to give the enemy battle near his reserve, under Major Gilbert, about twenty rods in the rear, when other troops arrived on the ground at this auspicious moment.
>
> These troops consisted of a portion of General Butterfield's brigade. Having received information from the Commanding General that his troops were required in front, General Butterfield pushed them forward and formed them in two lines. The first line consisted of the Seventeenth New York, Colonel Lansing, on the right, and the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, Colonel M'Lane, on the left; and the second, of the Twelfth New York, Colonel Weeks, on the right, and the Sixteenth Michigan, Colonel Stockton, on the left, the two latter regiments being in double column in the rear. A strong line of skirmishers were thrown out in advance. In this order the regiments went through the woods, at the edge of which they were halted till the line was perfectly formed and the position of the enemy ascertained. In this order the command emerged from the woods, the skirmishers firing in front. The splendid appearance of the brigade as it came into the wheat-fields, and the vigorous fire of the skirmishers, had the effect of putting the enemy to flight. The rebels immediately fell back, and the Seventeenth New York, in front on the right, took one of the enemy's guns—a brass 12-pounder, which is regarded as the most precious trophy from the battle-field. Lieutenant-Colonel Morris, of the Seventeenth New York, who has just been appointed Colonel of the Ninety-third, being sick, was requested by the doctor to remain in charge of some prisoners who had been taken near Dr. Kenny's house. When the enemy was advancing on that position Colonel Morris made the rebel prisoners haul away the captured cannon, which, for the time being, was given in charge of Captain Martin's company, and turned upon the rebels.
>
> Generals Porter and Morell were now on the ground, and orders were given for the brigade to follow, as well in pursuit of the retiring enemy as to take the Hanover Railroad station, and participate in the expected action in the vicity of Hanover Court House. Those regiments preserving their first formation still steadily advanced, at shoulder arms, across the extensive fields, over a rough ravine and through the adjacent woods. The command occupied the railroad station to the left, where cars of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad were found abandoned on the track, a number of the enemy's tents, and other articles, and was in possession of Hanover Court House when intelligence was received that the enemy had reappeared in our rear, and orders were given to return.

OUR FLOTILLA IN THE JAMES RIVER.

We publish on page 390 an illustration of Our Flotilla in the James River, near Richmond, from a sketch by an officer on board one of the vessels. The artist writes as follows on the subject of his picture:

CITY POINT.

City Point is, or rather has been, the "port of entry" to Petersburg. It is situated on the right bank of the James River, about fifty miles below Richmond. It can hardly be called a town, having at the best of times not more than two or three hundred inhabitants, and these mostly negroes; at present it is almost entirely deserted. Being the terminus of the Petersburg Railroad, the cars frequently arrive, and are met by the United States steamer *Massachusetts*, both under flag of truce, to effect the exchange of prisoners. It is daily expected that Colonel Corcoran will here be restored to his anxious friends.

A letter from City Point says:

> While coming up the river the height of the tide indicated that the heavy rains had caused a freshet. This was considerably increased yesterday, and still continues. Immense quantities of driftwood, logs, pieces of wreck, etc., have been and are still being floated down the stream by the force of the current. So strong is the tide that it is with great difficulty a boat from one of the vessels lower down can reach another higher up the river. Yesterday a vessel's hatch, and soon after a cook's galley, with the stove, were drifted down, and the corpse of a man floated past, face downward, feet forward and legs extended. The corpse was clad in a white shirt and white trowsers or drawers. As the face was downward, we could not tell whether the body was that of a white or a black man.
>
> Last night, about ten o'clock, two large canal boats were driven past the squadron by the force of the current. These appearances seem to indicate that the obstructions placed across the river above Fort Darling by the rebels are being gradually washed away by the freshet; but it is exceedingly doubtful whether they will have been so far removed as to admit of the passage of our vessels, so effectually have the sunken vessels been secured between piles driven into the river, and such large quantities of stones have been sunk between the interstices. The weather is threatening and the current in full force, with a rushing sound like that of a waterfall, and there is no indication of the freshet subsiding for some time.

Commodore Goldsborough, with a squadron as powerful as that with which Farragut took New Orleans, is at City Point or thereabouts. The country will expect to hear from him.

GO, MY BOY, WHERE DUTY CALLS YOU.

AN ANSWER TO "MOTHER, CAN I GO?" PUBLISHED IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF MARCH 22.

Go, my boy, and Heaven bless you! I have read each precious line
Of your heart's responsive throbbings to a Higher Call than mine.
God hath spoken—you have heard Him—and though tears these eyes bedim,
Your affection for your mother shall not mar your love for Him.
Could I bid you stay from fondness, when the ever-ruling Hand
Marks your path to duty clearly for the safety of your land?
No! 'tis yours to be a patriot, and 'tis mine to prove as true;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you!

Go in faith, and feel protection in a Power Supreme, Divine;
Should a bullet pierce your body it will also enter mine.
Do I think of this in sorrow? Does my love sad fears renew?
Do I tremble at the prospect? No, my son; no more than you.
Dear to me is every pathway where your precious feet have trod;
But I give you fondly, freely, to my country and my God.
You and I shall never falter in the work we have to do;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you!

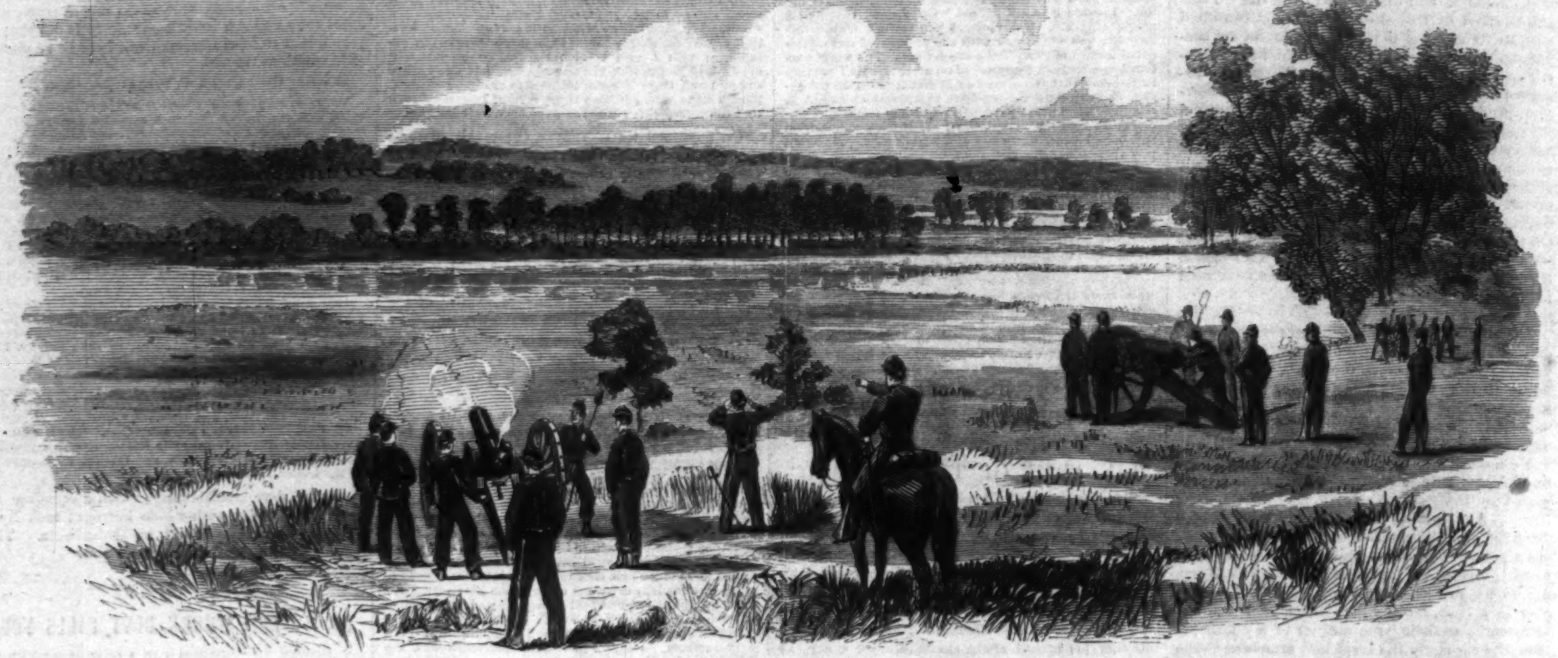
I shall pray for you—how often—with the waking hour of morn,
Through the labors of my household, and when night is coming on.
If a mother's prayers can keep you 'mid the dangers you incur,
God will surely bring you back again to happiness and her.
I will never doubt the goodness that has kept you until now,
That has kept the evil from your heart, the shadow from your brow;
And I know that it shall keep you in the path you must pursue;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you!

If my boy were less a hero, less the man in thought and deed,
I had less to give my country in her trying hour of need;
And I feel a pride in knowing that to serve this cause divine,
From the hearth-stone goes no braver heart than that which goes from mine.
I have loved you from the hour that my lips first pressed your brow,
Ever tenderly, but never quite as tenderly as now.
All I have is His who gave it, whatsoe'er He bids me do;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you!

I shall miss you through the spring-time, when the orchard is in bloom,
When the smiling face of Nature bathes its beauty in perfume;
When the birds are sweetly singing by the door and on the wing,
I shall think of you who always loved to pause and hear them sing.
Long will seem the waning hours through the drowsy summer day,
With my boy exposed to dangers on a soil so far away.
But my spirit shall not murmur, though a tear bedim my view;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you!

You will come and see your mother, come and kiss her, as you say,
From her lips receive the blessing that shall cheer you on your way;
From her fond embrace go forward to resist your country's foe,
With the comforting assurance that your mother bade you go.
Heaven protect, and bless, and keep you; holy angels guard your way,
Keep your spirit from temptation, and your feet from going astray.
To your mother ever faithful, to your country ever true—
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you!

May 28, 1862.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CAPTAIN PORTER'S MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY SHELLING THE REBELS ACROSS THE SWOLLEN CHICKAHOMINY.
[Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.]

ACROSS THE CHICKAHOMINY.

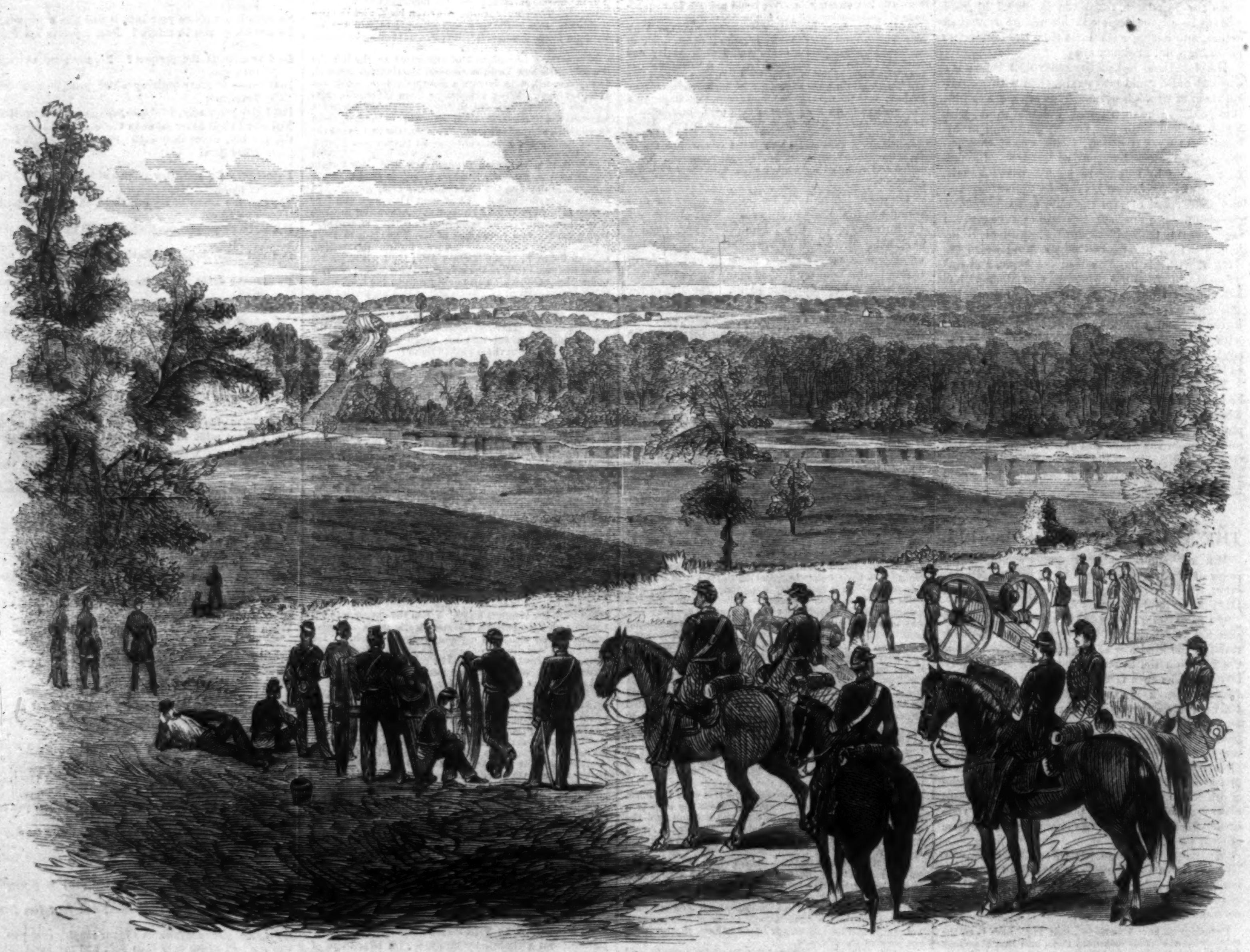
We reproduce above a sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud representing Captain Porter's Battery shelling the Rebels across the Chickahominy. The picture gives a good idea of the scenery of the region. Mr. Waud, the author of the picture, thus describes it: "The sketch gives a good idea of the scenery of this stream, flowing through rich, flat meadows, and bordered by a fringe of trees—elms, willows, tulip-trees, etc. From the fields rise gentle hills, partly under cultivation, and in part covered with woods. The Richmond turnpike crosses the stream—or swamp, as the natives call it—upon a bridge near Mechanicsville, which the rebels have burned, and now guard by artillery placed upon the hill. Along the river our pickets are thickly posted, under cover of trees and bushes or in the open fields. Occasionally the artillery posted on the heights commanding the valley fire shot and shell with varying effect upon the enemy's position."

The *Tribune* correspondent says:

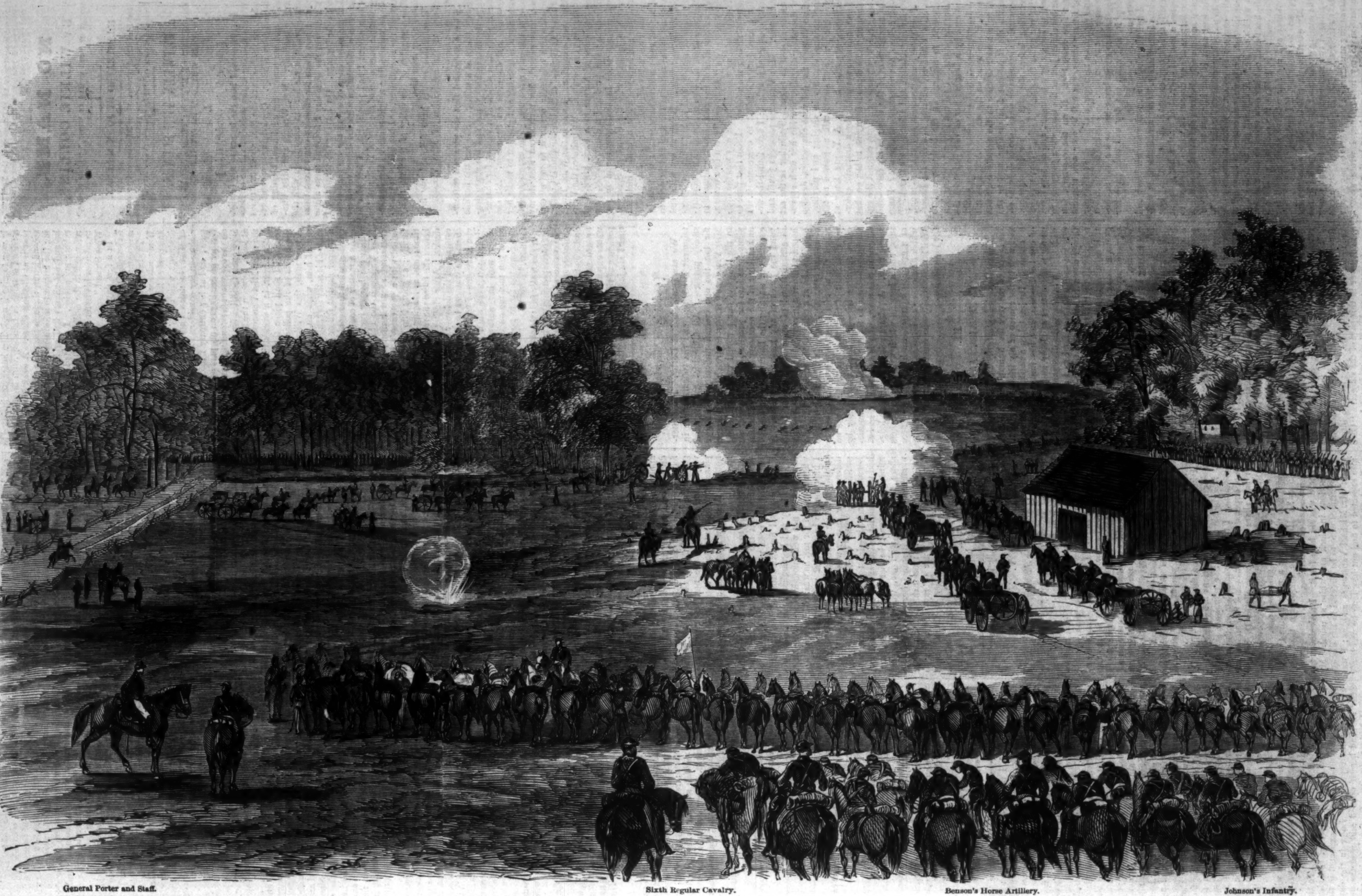
The Chickahominy is the drain of a swamp. The stream is deep, though sluggish. Densely timbered, marshy land fringes it on either bank. The Rebels had gathered enormous reservoirs of water by the use of dams, as a weapon of military offense north of the Richmond and York River Railroad bridge. When the awful rains of last Wednesday and Friday had set every square rod of this part of the peninsula to work to contribute the elements of a flood to the Chickahominy, there was glee in Richmond, and mutual congratulations among military men. They surely reckoned that Bottom Bridge would be afloat, and that on the other side of the swollen stream, wherever M'Clellan had made passage ways for his troops and his transportation, his artillery would be motionless, hub-deep in the water, and his trains of ammunition and of food immovable, and from 40,000 to 50,000 of the best troops in the army standing useless upon the brink of a river, beyond which their brothers in arms were being crushed in their ranks by overwhelming numbers, or driven at the point of the bayonet to death by drowning before their eyes.

On Friday night the reservoirs of accumulated water on the Upper Chickahominy were cut open. On Saturday morning Bottom Bridge was afloat.

The Chickahominy is still a lake.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL M'CLELLAN RECONNOITRING THE TURNPIKE TO RICHMOND FROM THE PEACH ORCHARD AT MECHANICSVILLE.
Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 395.]


General Porter and Staff.
Sixth Regular Cavalry.
Benson's Horse Artillery.
Johnson's Infantry.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—COMMENCEMENT OF THE BATTLE OF HANOVER COURT HOUSE, 1.45 P.M.—THE ENEMY ON THE HILL IN THE DISTANCE.—From Sketches by an Officer who was present.—[See Page 395.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

BETWEEN THE SCENES.

CHRONICLE OF EVENTS: PRESERVED IN CAPTAIN WRAGGE'S DISPATCH BOX.

I.

[*Chronicle for October*, 1846.]

I HAVE retired into the bosom of my family. We are residing in the secluded village of Ruswarp, on the banks of the Esk, about two miles inland from Whitby. Our lodgings are comfortable, and we possess the additional blessing of a tidy landlady. Mrs. Wragge and Miss Vanstone preceded me here in accordance with the plan I laid down for effecting our retreat from York. On the next day I followed them alone with the luggage. On leaving the terminus, I had the satisfaction of seeing the lawyer's clerk in close confabulation with the detective officer whose advent I had prophesied. I left him in peaceable possession of the city of York, and the whole surrounding neighborhood. He has returned the compliment, and has left us in peaceable possession of the valley of the Esk, thirty miles away from him.

Remarkable results have followed my first efforts at the cultivation of Miss Vanstone's dramatic abilities.

I have discovered that she possesses extraordinary talent as a mimic. She has the flexible face, the manageable voice, and the sharp dramatic perception which fit a woman for character-parts and disguises on the stage. All she now wants is teaching and practice to make her sure of her own resources. The experience of her, thus gained, has revived an idea in my mind, which originally occurred to me at one of the "At Homes" of the late inimitable Charles Mathews, comedian. I was in the Wine Trade at the time I remember. We imitated the Vintage-processes of Nature in a back kitchen at Brompton; and produced a dinner-sherry, pale and curious, tonic in character, round in the mouth, a favorite with the Court of Spain at nineteen and sixpence a dozen, bottles included—*Vide* Prospectus of the period. The profits of myself and partners were small; we were in advance of the tastes of the age, and in debt to the bottle merchant. Being at my wit's end for want of money, and seeing what audiences Mathews drew, the idea occurred to me of starting an imitation of the great Imitator himself in the shape of an "At Home," given by a woman. The one trifling obstacle in the way was the difficulty of finding the woman. From that time to this I have hitherto failed to overcome it. I have conquered it at last; I have found the woman now. Miss Vanstone possesses youth and beauty as well as talent. Train her in the art of dramatic disguise, provide her with appropriate dresses for different characters, develop her accomplishments in singing and playing, give her plenty of smart talk addressed to the audience, advertise her as A Young Lady at Home, astonish the public by a dramatic entertainment which depends from first to last on that young lady's own sole exertions, commit the entire management of the thing to my care—and what follows, as a necessary consequence? Fame for my fair relative, and a fortune for myself.

I put these considerations, as frankly as usual, to Miss Vanstone, offering to write the Entertainment, to manage all the business, and to share the profits. I did not forget to strengthen my case by informing her of the jealousies she would encounter, and the obstacles she would meet, if she went on the stage. And I wound up by a neat reference to the private inquiries which she is interested in making, and to the personal independence which she is desirous of securing before she acts on her information. "If you go on the stage," I said, "your services will be bought by a manager, and he may insist on his claims just at the time when you want to get free from him. If, on the contrary, you adopt my views, you will be your own mistress and your own manager, and you can settle your course just as you like." This last consideration appeared to strike her. She took a day to consider it, and when the day was over gave her consent.

I had the whole transaction down in black and white immediately. Our arrangement is eminently satisfactory, except in one particular. She shows a morbid distrust of writing her name at the bottom of any document which I present to her; and roundly declares she will sign nothing. As long as it is her interest to provide herself with pecuniary resources for the future, she verbally engages to go on. When it ceases to be her interest, she plainly threatens to leave off at a week's notice. A difficult girl to deal with: she has found out her own value to me already. One comfort is, I have the cooking of the accounts; and my fair relative shall not fill her pockets too suddenly, if I can help it.

My exertions in training Miss Vanstone for the coming experiment have been varied by the writing of two anonymous letters in that young lady's interests. Finding her too fidgety about arranging matters with her friends to pay proper attention to my instructions, I wrote anonymously to the lawyer who is conducting the inquiry after her; recommending him in a friendly way to give it up. The letter was inclosed to a friend of mine in London, with instructions to post it at Charing Cross. A week later I sent a second letter, through the same channel, requesting the lawyer to inform me, in writing, whether he and his clients had or had not decided on taking my advice. I directed him, with jocose reference to the collision of interests between us, to address his letter: "Tit for Tat, Post Office, West Strand."

In a few days the answer arrived—privately forwarded, of course, to Post-office, Whitby, by arrangement with my friend in London.

The lawyer's reply was short and surly: "Sir,—If my advice had been followed, you and your anonymous letter would both be treated with the contempt which they deserve. But the wishes of Miss Magdalen Vanstone's eldest sister have claims on my consideration which I can not dispute; and at her entreaty I inform you that all further proceedings on my part are withdrawn—on the express understanding that this concession is to open facilities for written communication, at least, between the two sisters. A letter from the elder Miss Vanstone is inclosed in this. If I don't hear, in a week's time, that it has been received I shall place the matter once more in the hands of the police.—WILLIAM PENDRIL." A sour man, this William Pendril. I can only say of him, what an eminent nobleman once said of his sulky servant—"I wouldn't have such a temper as that fellow has got for any earthly consideration that could be offered me!"

As a matter of course I looked into the letter which the lawyer inclosed before delivering it. Miss Vanstone the elder described herself as distracted at not hearing from her sister; as suited with a governess's situation in a private family; as going into the situation in a week's time; and as longing for a letter to comfort her before she faced the trial of undertaking her new duties. After closing the envelope again, I accompanied the delivery of the letter to Miss Vanstone the younger by a word of caution. "Are you more sure of your own courage now," I said, "than you were when I met you?" She was ready with her answer. "Captain Wragge, when you met me on the Walls of York I had not gone too far to go back. I have gone too far now."

If she really feels this—and I think she does—her corresponding with her sister can do no harm. She wrote at great length the same day, cried profusely over her own epistolatory composition, and was remarkably ill-tempered and snappish toward me when we met in the evening. She wants experience, poor girl—she sadly wants experience of the world. How consoling to know that I am just the man to give it her!

II.

[*Chronicle for November.*]

We are established at Derby. The Entertainment is written, and the rehearsals are in steady progress. All difficulties are provided for but the one eternal difficulty of money. Miss Vanstone's resources stretch easily enough to the limits of our personal wants; including piano-forte hire for practice, and the purchase and making of the necessary dresses. But the expenses of starting the Entertainment are beyond the reach of any means we possess. A theatrical friend of mine here, whom I had hoped to interest in our undertaking, proves unhappily to be at a crisis in his career. The field of human sympathy, out of which I might have raised the needful pecuniary crop, is closed to me from want of time to cultivate it. I see no other resource left—if we are to be ready by Christmas—than to try one of the local music-sellers in this town, who is said to be a speculating man. A private rehearsal at these lodgings, and a bargain which will fill the pockets of a grasping stranger—such are the sacrifices which dire necessity imposes on me at starting. Well! there is only one consolation. I'll cheat the music-seller.

III.

[*Chronicle for December. First Fortnight.*]

The music-seller extorts my unwilling respect. He is one of the very few human beings I have met with in the course of my life who is not to be cheated. He has taken a masterly advantage of our helplessness, and has imposed terms on us for performances at Derby and Nottingham, with such a business-like disregard of all interests but his own, that—fond as I am of putting things down in black and white—I really can not prevail upon myself to record the bargain. It is needless to say I have yielded with my best grace, sharing with my fair relative the wretched pecuniary prospects offered to us. Our turn will come. In the mean time I cordially regret not having known the local music-seller in early life.

Personally speaking, I have no cause to complain of Miss Vanstone. We have arranged that she shall regularly forward her address (at the post-office) to her friends as we move about from place to place. Besides communicating in this way with her sister, she also reports herself to a certain Mr. Clare, residing in Somersetshire, who is to forward all letters exchanged between herself and his son. Careful inquiry has informed me that this latter individual is now in China. Having suspected from the first that there was a gentleman in the back-ground, it is highly satisfactory to know that he recedes into the remote perspective of Asia. Long may he remain there!

The trifling responsibility of finding a name for our talented Magdalen to perform under has been cast on my shoulders. She feels no interest whatever in this part of the subject. "Give me any name you like," she said; "I have as much right to one as to another. Make it yourself." I have readily consented to gratify her wishes. The resources of my commercial library include a list of useful names to assume; and we can choose one at five minutes' notice, when the admirable man of business who now oppresses us is ready to issue his advertisements. On this point my mind is easy enough: all my anxieties centre in the fair performer. I have not the least doubt she will do wonders if she is only left to herself on the first night. But if the day's post is mischievous enough to upset her by a letter from her sister, I tremble for the consequences.

IV.

[*Chronicle for December. Second Fortnight.*]

My gifted relative has made her first appearance in public, and has laid the foundation of our future fortunes.

On the first night the attendance was larger than I had ventured to hope. The novelty of an evening's Entertainment, conducted from beginning to end by the unaided exertions of a young lady (see advertisement), roused the public curiosity, and the seats were moderately well filled. As good-luck would have it, no letter addressed to Miss Vanstone came that day. She was in full possession of herself until she got the first dress on and heard the bell ring for the music. At that critical moment she suddenly broke down. I found her alone in the waiting-room, sobbing and talking like a child. "Oh, poor papa! poor papa! Oh, my God, if he saw me now!" My experience in such matters at once informed me that it was a case for sal-volatile, accompanied by sound advice. We strung her up, in no time, to concert pitch, set her eyes in a blaze, and made her outblush her own rouge. The curtain rose when we had got her at a red heat. She dashed at it, exactly as she dashed at it in the back drawing-room at Rosemary Lane. Her personal appearance settled the question of her reception before she opened her lips. She rushed full gallop through her changes of character, her songs, and her dialogue; making mistakes by the dozen, and never stopping to set them right; carrying the people along with her in a perfect whirlwind, and never waiting for the applause. The whole thing was over twenty minutes sooner than the time we had calculated on. She carried it through to the end, and fainted on the waiting-room sofa a minute after the curtain was down. The music-seller having taken leave of his senses from sheer astonishment, and I having no evening costume to appear in, we sent the doctor to make the necessary apology to the public, who were calling for her till the place rang again. I prompted our medical orator with a neat speech from behind the curtain; and I never heard such applause, from such a comparatively small audience, before in my life. I felt the tribute—I felt it deeply. Fourteen years ago I scraped together the wretched means of existence, in this very town, by reading the newspaper (with explanatory comments) to the company at a public house. And now here I am at the top of the tree.

It is needless to say that my first proceeding was to bowl out the music-seller on the spot. He called the next morning, no doubt with a liberal proposal for extending the engagement beyond Derby and Nottingham. My niece was described as not well enough to see him; and, when he asked for me, he was told I was not up. I happened to be, at that moment, engaged in putting the case pathetically to our gifted Magdalen. Her answer was in the highest degree satisfactory. She would permanently engage herself to nobody—least of all to a man who had taken sordid advantage of her position and mine. She would be her own mistress, and share the profits with me, while she wanted money, and while it suited her to go on. So far so good. But the reason she added next for her flattering preference of myself was less to my taste. "The music-seller is not the man whom I employ to make my inquiries," she said. "You are the man." I don't like her steadily remembering those inquiries in the first bewilderment of her success. It looks ill for the future; it looks infernally ill for the future.

V.

[*Chronicle for January*, 1847.]

She has shown the cloven foot already. I begin to be a little afraid of her.

On the conclusion of the Nottingham engagement (the results of which more than equaled the results at Derby), I proposed taking the Entertainment next—now we had got it into our own hands—to Newark. Miss Vanstone raised no objection until we came to the question of time, when she amazed me by stipulating for a week's delay before we appeared in public again.

"For what possible purpose?" I asked.

"For the purpose of making the inquiries which I mentioned to you at York," she answered.

I instantly enlarged on the danger of delay, putting all the considerations before her in every imaginable form. She remained perfectly immovable. I tried to shake her on the question of expenses. She answered by handing me over her share of the proceeds at Derby and Nottingham—and there were my expenses paid at the rate of nearly two guineas a day. I wonder who first picked out a mule as the type of obstinacy? How little knowledge that man must have had of women!

There was no help for it. I took down my instructions in black and white as usual. My first exertions were to be directed to the discovery of Mr. Michael Vanstone's address; I was also expected to find out how long he was likely to live there, and whether he had sold Combe-Raven or not. My next inquiries were to inform me of his ordinary habits of life; of what he did with his money; of who his intimate friends were; and of the sort of terms on which his son, Mr. Noel Vanstone, was now living with him. Lastly, the investigations were to end in discovering whether there was any female relative, or any woman exercising domestic authority in the house, who was known to have an influence over either father or son.

If my long practice in cultivating the field of human sympathy had not accustomed me to private investigations into the affairs of other people, I might have found some of these queries rather difficult to deal with in the course of a week. As it was, I gave myself all the benefit of my own experience; and brought the answers back to Nottingham in a day less than the given time. Here they are, in regular order, for convenience of future reference:

(1.) Mr. Michael Vanstone is now residing at German Place, Brighton, and likely to remain there, as he finds the air suit him. He reached London, from Switzerland, in September last; and sold the Combe-Raven property immediately on his arrival.

(2.) His ordinary habits of life are secret and retired; he seldom visits or receives company. Part of his money is supposed to be in the funds, and part laid out in railway investments which have survived the panic of eighteen hundred and forty-six, and are rapidly rising in value. Since his arrival in England, he has also speculated with great judgment in house property. He has some houses in remote parts of London; and some houses in certain watering-places on the East coast, which are shown to be advancing in public repute. In all these cases he is reported to have made remarkably good bargains.

(3.) It is not easy to discover who his intimate friends are. Two names only have been ascertained. The first is Admiral Bartram; supposed to have been under friendly obligations, in past years, to Mr. Michael Vanstone. The second is Mr. George Bartram, nephew of the Admiral, and now staying on a short visit in the house at German Place. Mr. George Bartram is the son of the late Mr. Andrew Vanstone's sister, also deceased. He is therefore a cousin of Mr. Noel Vanstone's. This last—viz., Mr. Noel Vanstone—is in delicate health, and is living on excellent terms with his father in German Place.

(4.) There is no female relative in Mr. Michael Vanstone's family circle. But there is a housekeeper, who has lived in his service ever since his wife's death, and who has acquired a strong influence over both father and son. She is a native of Switzerland, elderly, and a widow. Her name is Mrs. Lecount.

On placing these particulars in Miss Vanstone's hands she made no remark, except to thank me. I endeavored to invite her confidence. No results; nothing but a renewal of civility, and a sudden shifting to the subject of the Entertainment. Very good. If she won't give me the information I want, the conclusion is obvious—I must help myself.

Business considerations claim the remainder of this page. Let me return to business.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.	THIRD WEEK IN JANUARY.
Place Visited. Newark.	Performances. Two.
Net Receipts, In black and white. £25.	Net Receipts, Actually realized. £32 10s.
Apparent Division of Profits. Miss V............£12 10 Self £12 10	Actual Division of Profits. Miss V............£12 10 Self £20 00
Private Surplus on the Week, Or say, Self-presented Testimonial. £7 10s.	
Audited, H. WRAGGE.	Passed correct, H. WRAGGE.

The next stronghold of British sympathy which we take by storm is Sheffield. We open the first week in February.

VI.

[*Chronicle for February.*]

Practice has now given my fair relative the confidence which I predicted would come with time. Her knack of disguising her own identity in the impersonation of different characters so completely staggers her audiences that the same people come twice over to find out how she does it. It is the amiable defect of the English public never to know when they have had enough of a good thing. They actually try to encore one of her characters—an old north-country lady—modeled on that honored preceptress in the late Mr. Vanstone's family to whom I presented myself at Combe-Raven. This particular performance fairly amazes the people. I don't wonder at it. Such an extraordinary assumption of age by a girl of nineteen has never been seen in public before in the whole course of my theatrical experience.

I find myself writing in a lower tone than usual; I miss my own dash of humor. The fact is, I am depressed about the future. In the very height of our prosperity, my perverse pupil sticks to her trumpery family quarrel. I feel myself at the mercy of the first whim in the Vanstone direction which may come into her head—I, the architect of her fortunes. Too bad; upon my soul, too bad!

She has acted already on the inquiries which she forced me to make for her. She has written two letters to Mr. Michael Vanstone.

To the first letter no answer came. To the second a reply was received. Her infernal cleverness put an obstacle I had not expected in the way of my intercepting it. Later in the day, after she had herself opened and read the answer, I laid another trap for her. It just succeeded, and no more. I had half a minute to look into the envelope in her absence. It contained nothing but her own letter returned. She is not the girl to put up quietly with such an insult as this. Mischief will come of it. Mischief to Michael Vanstone—which is of no earthly consequence; mischief to me—which is a truly serious matter.

VII.

[*Chronicle for March.*]

After performing at Sheffield and Manchester, we have moved to Liverpool, Preston, and Lancaster. Another change in this weather-cock of a girl! She has written no more letters to Michael Vanstone, and she has become as anxious to make money as I am myself. We are realizing large profits, and we are worked to death. I don't like this change in her: she has a purpose to answer, or she would not show such extraordinary eagerness to fill her purse. Nothing I can do—no cooking of accounts, no self-presented testimonials—can keep that purse empty. The success of the Entertainment, and her own sharpness in looking after her interests, literally force me into a course of comparative honesty. She puts into her pocket more than a third of the profits, in defiance of my most arduous exertions to prevent her. And this at my age! this after my long and successful career as a moral agriculturist! Marks of admiration are very little things; but they express my feelings, and I put them in freely.

VIII.

[*Chronicle for April and May.*]

We have visited seven more large towns, and are now at Birmingham. Consulting my Books, I find that Miss Vanstone has realized by the Entertainment, up to this time, the enormous sum of nearly four hundred pounds. It is quite possible that my own profits may reach one or two miserable hundreds more. But I am the architect of her fortunes—the publisher, so to speak, of her book—and, if any thing, I am underpaid.

I made the above discovery on the twenty-ninth of the month—anniversary of the Restoration of my royal predecessor in the field of human sympathy, Charles the Second. I had barely finished locking up my dispatch-box when the ungrateful girl whose reputation I have made came into the room, and told me in so many words that the business-connection between us was for the present at an end.

I attempt no description of my own sensations: I merely record facts. She informed me, with an appearance of perfect composure, that she needed rest, and that she had "new objects in view." She might possibly want me to assist those objects; and she might possibly return to the Entertainment. In either case it would be enough if we exchanged addresses, at which we could write to each other in case of need. Having no desire to leave me too abruptly, she would remain the next day (which was Sunday), and would take her departure on Monday morning. Such was her explanation in so many words.

Remonstrance, as I knew by experience, would be thrown away. Authority I had none to exert. My one sensible course to take in this emergency was to find out which way my own interests pointed, and to go that way without a moment's unnecessary hesitation.

A very little reflection has since convinced me that she has a deep-laid scheme against Michael Vanstone in view. She is young, handsome, clever, and unscrupulous; she has made money to live on, and has time at her disposal to find out the weak side of an old man; and she is going to attack Mr. Michael Vanstone unawares with the legitimate weapons of her sex. Is she likely to want *me* for such a purpose as this? Doubtful. Is she merely anxious to get rid of me on easy terms? Probable. Am I the sort of man to be treated in this way by my own pupil? Decidedly not: I am the man to see my way through a neat succession of alternatives; and here they are:

First alternative. To announce my compliance with her proposal; to exchange addresses with her; and then to keep my eye privately on all her future movements. Second alternative. To express fond anxiety in a paternal capacity; and to threaten giving the alarm to her sister and the lawyer if she persists in her design. Third alternative. To turn the information I already possess to the best account, by making it a marketable commodity between Mr. Michael Vanstone and myself. At present, I incline toward the last of these three courses. But my decision is far too important to be hurried. To-day is only the twenty-ninth. I will suspend my Chronicle of Events until Monday.

May 31.—My alternatives and her plans are both overthrown together.

The newspaper came in, as usual, after breakfast. I looked it over, and discovered this memorable entry, among the obituary announcements of the day:

"On the 29th inst., at Brighton, Michael Vanstone, Esq., formerly of Zurich, aged 77."

Miss Vanstone was present in the room when I read those two startling lines. Her bonnet was on; her boxes were packed; she was waiting impatiently until it was time to go to the train. I handed the paper to her without a word on my side. Without a word on hers, she looked where I pointed, and read the news of Michael Vanstone's death.

The paper dropped out of her hand; and she suddenly pulled down her veil. I caught one glance at her face before she hid it from me. The effect on my mind was startling in the extreme. To put it with my customary dash of humor—her face informed me that the most sensible action which Michael Vanstone, Esq., formerly of Zurich, had ever achieved in his life, was the action he performed at Brighton on the 29th instant.

Finding the dead silence in the room singularly unpleasant under existing circumstances, I thought I would make a remark. My regard for my own interests supplied me with a subject. I mentioned the Entertainment.

"After what has happened," I said, "I presume we go on with our performances as usual?"

"No," she answered, behind the veil. "We go on with my inquires."

"Inquiries after a dead man?"

"Inquiries after the dead man's son."

"Mr. Noel Vanstone?"

"Yes; Mr. Noel Vanstone."

Not having a veil to let down over my own face, I stooped and picked up the newspaper. Her devilish determination quite upset me for the moment. I actually had to steady myself before I could speak to her again.

"Are the new inquiries as harmless as the old ones?" I asked.

"Quite as harmless."

"What am I expected to find out?"

"I wish to know whether Mr. Noel Vanstone remains at Brighton after the funeral."

"And if not?"

"If not, I shall want to know his new address, wherever it may be."

"Yes. And what next?"

"I wish you to find out next if all the father's money goes to the son."

I began to see her drift. The word money relieved me: I felt quite on my own ground again.

"Any thing more?" I asked.

"Only one thing more," she answered. "Make sure, if you please, whether Mrs. Lecount, the housekeeper, remains or not in Mr. Noel Vanstone's service."

Her voice altered a little as she mentioned Mrs. Lecount's name: she is evidently sharp enough to distrust the housekeeper already.

"My expenses are to be paid as usual?" I said.

"As usual."

"When am I expected to leave for Brighton?"

"As soon as you can."

She rose and left the room. After a momentary doubt I decided on executing the new commission. The more private inquiries I conduct for my fair relative the harder she will find it to get rid of hers truly, Horatio Wragge.

There is nothing to prevent my starting for Brighton to-morrow. So to-morrow I go. If Mr. Noel Vanstone succeeds to his father's property he is the only human being possessed of pecuniary blessings who fails to inspire me with a feeling of unmitigated envy.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes's
NEW STORY
WILL BE READY ON
On Thursday, June the 26th,
IN THE
NEW YORK WEEKLY,
(The greatest Story and Sketch Paper of the age), an entirely New and Original Story, entitled,
Bad Hugh;
OR,
The Diamond in the Rough.
From the Pen of the great Authoress,
Mrs. Mary J. Holmes.
In
Bad Hugh;
OR,
The Diamond in the Rough,
Mrs. Mary J. Holmes
Has excelled herself, and thrown all her previous efforts, great as they are, in the shade. Unlike most romances,
Bad Hugh;
OR,
The Diamond in the Rough,
is a Story with a moral, which is calculated, while it amuses, to do an immense deal of good, and
Mrs. Mary J. Holmes,
in giving it to the readers of the
NEW YORK WEEKLY,
has added another to her many literary triumphs, and greatly benefitted mankind.
Bad Hugh;
OR,
The Diamond in the Rough,
is a literary gem of the purest kind, and
Mrs. Mary J. Holmes
has reason to be proud of it, as the product of her splendid intellect.
Recollect, the first portion of
Bad Hugh;
OR,
The Diamond in the Rough,
BY
Mrs. Mary J. Holmes,
will appear in the
NEW YORK WEEKLY,
Issued on THURSDAY, June the 26th.
Don't fail to read it. If you do, you will miss a great treat.

For Sale or to Let.

The premises Nos. **809** and **811** Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, formerly occupied by Messrs. L. J. Levy & Company. For Terms, &c.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS,
New York.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,
Late W. Forsyth & Co.
100,000
Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewelry, Gold Pens, Bracelets, Lockets, Rings, Gent's Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c., &c., &c.
Worth $500,000,

To be sold for *One Dollar* each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send for circular containing full list and particulars.

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1, eleven for $2, thirty for $5, sixty-five for $10, and one hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address
J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
P. O. Box 5029, 208 Broadway, New York.
N.B. We wish it distinctly understood that all articles of jewelry not giving perfect satisfaction can be returned and the money will be refunded.

ENTERPRISING AGENTS ARE DOING well selling DOWNER'S PAT. HEMMER and SHIELD for Hand-Sewing, and other new articles of ready sale. Profits are large. Samples sent free on receipt of the price (25c.). Send 3-cent stamp for price-list and terms. A. H. DOWNER, 442 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS.
Look out for the new paper devoted to your interests. Particulars free. W. SUMNER & CO., New York.

$ SOMETHING NEW.—AGENTS WANTED. 12 New Articles. *Sales and profits large.* Samples 25 cents. Inclose stamp. RICE & CO., N. Y., or Chicago, Ill.

Commercial Travelers and Agents Wanted to Sell our
25 Cent Portfolio Package.

Contents—18 Sheets Note Paper, 18 Envelopes, 1 Penholder, 1 Pen, 1 Pencil, 1 Blotting Pad, 100 Recipes, 1 War Hymn, 5 Engravings, 1 New Method for Computing Interest, 9 Fashionable Designs for Marking Letters, 4 Ladies' Undersleeves, 2 ladies' Collars, 1 Ladies' Underskirt, 1 Ladies' Embroidered Body and Sleeves, 2 Infant's Christening Robes, 1 Child's Apron, 1 Child's Full Dress, 1 Misses' Embroidered Dress, 1 Handkerchief Border, 1 Pen Wiper, 1 Edging. Also, one FASHIONABLE article of RICH JEWELRY. Agents make $10 a day. Send stamp for Circular of wholesale prices. Sample 50 cents. WEIR & CO., Publishers, 34 South Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

To all Wanting Farms.

NEW SETTLEMENT OF VINELAND.—30 miles from Philadelphia by Railroad. *Good loam soil, highly productive for Wheat, Corn, Grass, Fruits, and Vegetables*—good *market*—delightful *climate*—where farming is *profitable*, especially *these times*, and where good *business* openings can be found. *Large numbers are settling. Society good.* Farms from $15 to $20 per acre only. Village 5 and 10 acre Lots for sale. Four years' time given. Report of SOLON ROBINSON, Ag. Ed. of the Tribune, *who has visited the place*, together with the "Vineland Rural," giving full description, will be furnished. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland P.O., Cumberland County, New Jersey.

TAPSCOTT'S LINE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON PACKETS. REMITTANCES TO ENGLAND, IRELAND, &c. PASSAGE TO OR FROM GREAT BRITAIN OR IRELAND at the lowest rates, and DRAFTS, payable on demand anywhere throughout the UNITED KINGDOM, can be obtained, as heretofore. For circular inclose postage stamp to
TAPSCOTT & CO., 86 South Street.

Wedding Cards and Note Papers at J. EVERDELL'S celebrated Engraving Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane Street, N. Y. Samples by mail.

EMPLOYMENT.—Agents Wanted in every Town and County to enter into a respectable and permanent business. For particulars address, with red stamp,
DR. J. H. WARNER,
54 East 12th Street, New York.

TO ALL OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.
Particulars sent free by W. SUMNER & CO., N. Y.

Ballard's Patent Breech-Loading Rifle.

This arm is entirely new, and is universally acknowledged to be the nearest to perfection of any Breech-Loading Rifle ever made. Length of barrel 24 inches, weight of Rifle 7 pounds. Size of Calibre adapted to Nos. 32, 38, and 44 copper water-proof Cartridges. Also,

Prescott's Cartridge Revolvers

The 8in., or Navy Size, carries a Ball weighing 38 to the lb., and the No. 32, or 4in. Revolver, a Ball 80 to the lb. By recent experiments made in the Army, these Revolvers were pronounced the best and most effective weapons in use. For particulars call or send for a Circular to
MERWIN & BRAY, Sole Agents,
No. 262 Broadway, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT. A NEW ENTERPRISE. THE FRANKLIN SEWING MACHINE CO. want a number of Agents. A liberal salary and expenses paid, or commission allowed. Address, with stamp, HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass. (*Clip this out for reference.*)

THE AGENT.
Agents, and all out of employment, send for particulars, mailed free. W. SUMNER & CO., New York.

NATURE HAS PROVIDED A REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES.—Dr. O. Phelps Brown, No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, New Jersey, has lately published,

"A Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations," for the positive and permanent cure of Dyspepsia, Fits, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Liver Complaint, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Impurities of the Blood.

Sent free to any person on receipt of name and address.

THE AGENT
Will be published the last of June; a paper indispensable to Agents and all out of employment. Particulars mailed free. Address W. SUMNER & CO., New York.

HEAD - QUARTERS FOR CHEAP JEWELRY.—HEAD-QUARTERS FOR LOCKETS, BRACELETS, VEST CHAINS, PINS, RINGS, STUDS, BUTTONS, AND EVERYTHING IN THE JEWELRY LINE. FOR FULL PARTICULARS ADDRESS W. A. HAYWARD, MANUFACTURING JEWELER, **208** BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The SILVER Chime.
Mr. Root's New Collection of SABBATH SCHOOL MELODIES, Tunes, Chants, Hymns, &c.; to which is added the CANTATA of the CHRISTIAN GRACES, designed for Concerts, Anniversaries, Celebrations, &c. Send 5 three cent stamps for specimen copy to HENRY TOLMAN & CO.,
No. 291 Washington St., Boston.

The Great Cure.

RHEUMATISM and GOUT. Those afflicted read this.
New York, February 10, 1862.
Gents: Having been a sufferer from Rheumatism, and experiencing extire relief after wearing a pair of your METALLIC INSOLES for a short time, it affords me pleasure to recommend them as a reliable remedy for that complaint.
Very respectfully yours, EDW. H. WRIGHT, Jr.
To Messrs. Mettam & Co., 429 Broadway, N. Y.
☞ Send for Circular.

A MILITARY BOOK for Schools.—THE BOY SOLDIER; Or, INFANTRY TACTICS FOR SCHOOLS. Explained and Illustrated for the use of Teachers and Schools. By the author of "School Amusements." Price 50 cents. Published by A. S. BARNES & BURR, Nos. 51 and 53 John Street.

History of the Great **REBELLION.** 2 vols. Vol. I. now ready. Agents wanted for all parts of the country.
L. STEBBINS, WORCESTER, MASS.

Comfort and Cure for the Ruptured.
Supplied free of charge.
Address Box 788, New York P. O.

Every Man his own Printer.
Portable Printing-Offices for the Army and Navy, Druggists, and Business Men generally. Send for a circular.
ADAMS PRESS COMPANY,
31 Park Row (under Lovejoy's Hotel), New York.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!
All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN **42** DAYS."—Do not buy "Onguents" at $1 a box, but send **20c.** for a BOOK, with this **GREAT SECRET** and many others, not before published. 7th edition now ready. Mailed *free* on receipt of 2 dimes, by C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,
Have Just Published:

CAPTAIN BURTON'S CITY OF THE SAINTS. The City of the Saints; and across the Rocky Mountains to California. By Captain RICHARD F. BURTON, Fellow and Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Societies of France and England; H. M. Consul in West Africa; Author of "The Lake Regions of Central Africa." With Maps and numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00.

THE LAST OF THE MORTIMERS. A Story in Two Voices. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "The House on the Moor," "The Days of My Life," "The Laird of Norlaw," &c., &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

CONSIDERATIONS ON REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT. By JOHN STUART MILL, Author of a "System of Logic." 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

THE STRUGGLES OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON. By One of the Firm. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Framley Parsonage," "The Bertrams," "Dr. Thorne," "Castle Richmond," "The Three Clerks," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

A STRANGE STORY. A Novel. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart., Author of "What will He do with It?" "My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c., &c. Illustrated by American Artists. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Any Number will be sent by Mail, post-paid, for Twenty-five Cents. Any Volume, comprising Six Numbers, neatly bound in Cloth, will be sent by Mail, to any part of the United States within 3000 miles of New York, post-paid, for Two Dollars per Volume. Complete Sets will be sent by Express, the freight at the charge of the purchaser, at a Discount of Twenty-five per Cent. from the above rate. Twenty-Four Volumes, bound uniformly, extending from June, 1850, to May, 1862, are now ready.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of EIGHT SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $4 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

WILKIE COLLINS's New Story, entitled "NO NAME," was commenced in the Number for March 15 (No. 272) of

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

And will be continued from week to week until completed.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Ten Copies for One Year	18 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $4 00.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is electrotyped, and *Back Numbers* can be had at any time.

Vols. I., II., III., IV., and V., for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, and 1861, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $3 50 each, are now ready.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.